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NATIVE INDIAN ARMIES.

THE spring-tide of our Indian misfortunes appears to have retired, and, unless Providence has some disaster in store for us beyond all prevision and calculation, we may venture to mark certain lines beyond which the wave of rebellion is not destined to pass. It is reasonable to assume that the loyalty of the Madras and Bombay armies will not now, to any extent, be shaken. The fidelity of these armies has, as the *Times* very justly remarks, been all along the great question. If they revolted, we had a prodigious country to reconquer—if they remained faithful, we had a disturbance to deal with, which, however serious, was still but local. But the steadfastness of the troops in the two Southern Presidencies settles other matters besides the extent of our future exertions. The *Times*, whether in full dress, or in mufti as *Habitans in Sicco*, would do well to remember that, when the revolt is quelled, we shall begin our renewed lease of Government with two very considerable armies of native Hindoos, one of which has just triumphantly carried through the victorious expedition to Persia, while the other has but lately humiliated the King of AVA, and taken away his finest province. These masses of soldiery, taken together with the 30,000 or 40,000 Sikhs which Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has been enrolling, will make up a native army about doubling any force of Europeans we can readily spare for India. The problem of Christian propaganda, though not settled, is greatly limited by the continuance in our service of so vast a body of armed and obstinate idolaters. There is no reason why they should be allowed to press down our Christianity by the weight of their superstitions, but we have no power to enter on a crusade against their disbelief. We cannot imitate the policy of the Moguls, unless, like the Moguls, we choose to be exclusively served by soldiers of our own faith.

It is said there are certain acts of government by which we can testify our affection and reverence for our own creed without indicating the slightest intention of forcing it on the natives of India. If there be such measures, let them be adopted. We fully assent to the general proposition, though we confess we have little idea what particular applications of it are meditated. The only specific suggestions we have met with are those offered by the Church Missionary Society, in the widely-read paper which it circulated on the Fast Day. Those suggestions are of very different value and importance. The Society first demands that native Christians shall not be excluded, as heretofore, from the Bengal service. As the experiment of forming an army from the physical and intellectual aristocracy of Upper India has failed so miserably, in spite of its many obvious recommendations, it is pretty nearly certain that the Bengal troops will henceforward be recruited from all castes; nor does there seem the slightest difficulty in associating native proselytes, for military purposes, with a soldiery of mixed composition. But the Church Missionary Society goes further than this. It suggests a measure of such a character as to make us wonder whether India is really a whit better understood in Europe than it was in the days of MARCO POLO. The reform suggested is the extension of a legislative Act, directed against obscene representations, to all the temples of India. Now we are per-

suaded that there is not a single Hindoo temple from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin in which some kind of impure symbolism cannot be detected. Is it really proposed to send the servants of Government, with chisel and whitewash, into every one of these sacred buildings—with a guard of Sepoys, we presume, on the outside to protect the workmen from molestation? The notion which the Society has fostered, comes, of course, from its local missionaries, and is probably directed against a particular set of idolatrous ceremonies, which are more than ordinarily popular in Bengal and about Calcutta. But their object is well known. It is to secure fertility in marriage; and in a country in which the birth of legitimate children is the central idea of all law and all usage—of everything in this world and in the next—we can hardly conceive a grosser form of religious persecution than the forcible suppression of rites, however degrading, by which the perpetuity of the family is supposed to be secured. No doubt the view of the missionaries commands our sympathy. The impurity of Brahminism is a proof of its low moral standing, even among false religions; and we can easily believe that the foul symbols complained of are a sore hindrance to the Christian progress of the half-converted Hindoo. But the last half of the route to truth must be got over, like the first, by free conviction, and not by force. We cannot turn iconoclasts in India. We cannot, and we dare not; and if, as *Habitans in Sicco* asserts, we are too good for the country, our course is clear, and we must leave it. In fairness, too, it ought to be said that an impure Pantheon has not necessarily the same effect on those who reverence it as on those who reject and abhor it. Let it not be forgotten that MR. SPOONER and his friends see the grossest immorality in manuals of practice which the most numerous sect of Christians read habitually without thought of offence.

So long as we are served by the Bombay and Madras armies, we are excluded from having recourse to the violent measures recommended by the Church Missionary Society. It is true, indeed, that we have no reason to think that the prostitution of the temples would scandalize the Sikhs, who will apparently form the nucleus of the new Bengal army; but, with Colonel SYKES, we must altogether repudiate the notion that the Sikhs require less careful management than the Hindoos. So far as they differ from the Hindoos, they differ in being more fanatical. Their superstition is active, and not passive. The Hindoos have never been known to quarrel with their alien masters for polluting themselves as much as they pleased. The Mahometans or the English might kill in peace half the cows in Hindostan, so long as they did not compel Brahmin or Rajpoot to taste their flesh or touch their blood. But, in the second Punjab war, the Sikhs rose to the watchword, "Death to the cow-slayers." In fact, there is a good deal in the fanaticism of the Sikhs which follows a European rather than an Asiatic type. Their army, after the death of Runjeet Singh, was governed by its religious clubs; and when they made their first irruption into the British dominions, they were possessed with a spirit not wholly unlike the fervour which animated the troopers of CROMWELL or the infantry of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. There is much in this state of religious feeling which we may regard with satisfaction. The activity of belief among the Sikhs holds out infinitely more promise to the Christian missionary than the stolid servitude of the Hindoo to his customs and his caste. But meanwhile it is not enough to say that the Sikhs will not bear the appearance of religious compulsion. They will not put up even with overt insult to their faith. If indiscretion is allowed to run loose in Bengal and Upper India, we may yet have to contend with the fiery fanaticism of a soldiery whose performances in this campaign have admittedly fallen but little short of the marvellous exploits of Europeans.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE shock of the American crisis has reached us. On the 9th of October, the Bank raised its rate of discount from 5½ to 6 per cent., and on the Monday following from 6 to 7. Thursday has passed over without a further rise, but it is not yet quite certain that the rate may not touch the highest point which was reached in 1847. It would be absurd to deny that repressive measures of so stringent a kind must be felt severely, but many circumstances concur to show that there is nothing at present to be feared at all analogous to the difficulties of 1847, or to the panic which was for a time even more fatal than the pressure which preceded it. The rate of discount is, in fact, almost the only point of resemblance between the two epochs; for while the troubles of 1847 were mainly due to an excessive importation from abroad, the symptoms now manifested appear to be merely the result of the sympathetic action induced by the American crisis. Gold has been growing scarce and dear here, not because we have been squandering our own means, but because every sovereign is eagerly demanded by a neighbour less prudent than we have been. Now there is a vast difference between being pressed for money to meet liabilities already incurred, and being somewhat straitened by having to make very profitable advances to a friend in difficulties. In the frightful state of panic which prevails in the United States, there is no amount of sacrifice which will not be made to secure the command of cash. Every debt to England that can be postponed will certainly stand over. At the same time, the immense depreciation of American securities must be drawing large sums from our side to take advantage of so favourable a time for investment. But this process cannot go on to an extent which is likely to cause serious or permanent embarrassment to us. It is difficult to estimate the force of the demand for coin during a season of panic when credit is almost entirely gone; but such panics seldom last long, and even on the most gloomy view of the crisis in the States, it is impossible to believe that the real necessities of American commerce will be able to swallow up any formidable quantity of our bullion. The circumstance which is, in one point of view, the gravest of all—the suspension of so many of their banks—will, so long as their notes float at all, rather mitigate the demand for gold from Europe; and even if the smash in America were to become as universal and as fatal as some which have formerly occurred there—a contingency which we do not anticipate—the result would be that convertible notes would for a time replace coin as their currency for domestic purposes, and that their demand for bullion from England and elsewhere would be proportionately reduced.

The returns of the Bank of England—although they justify the adoption of strong measures to meet the drain which the position of America is calculated to produce—contain nothing to excite alarm. At this season of the year, there is always an increase in the notes in the hands of the public, and a consequent decrease in the Bank reserve. The fluctuation generally commences a week or two before the payment of dividends, immediately after which the lowest point is reached, and in ordinary years the disturbance is substantially over by the end of October. Thus, in 1856, the notes in the hands of the public rose from 19,789,000l. on the 20th of September to 21,155,000l. on the 18th of October; and at the same time the reserve fell from 6,818,000l. down to 3,080,000l. The changes which are now going on are in great measure, though not entirely, traceable to the same periodic cause. The reserve has fallen a shade more rapidly than usual, and some further reduction may be expected in the next returns, but before any evil augury can be drawn from these figures, due allowance must be made for the temporary reduction which invariably occurs at this period of the year. The autumn panic of 1847 was almost entirely produced by the neglect of the public to appreciate the real meaning of the depression in the Bank reserve. Between the beginning of October in that fatal year and the 23rd of the month, the reserve had fallen from nearly four millions to little more than one; and although the Bank Directors were aware that this did not indicate any real diminution of their resources, the public became alarmed, and began to distrust the Bank's power to afford accommodation at the very moment when the returns, if properly read, proved that the tide had turned, and that easier times were coming. It was to relieve this unfounded alarm that the letter of dispensation was sent to the Directors, and the fact that it never be-

came necessary to act upon it, both justified the step and showed how groundless was the panic which had previously prevailed. So far as can be discovered at present, the true position of the Bank, and the real import of the weekly returns, are so much better understood now than they were ten years ago, that there is little reason to fear a recurrence of the frantic terror which was almost universal at this time of year in 1847.

Considering the extent of our commercial transactions with America, and that the present crisis has come upon us when our Indian troubles were beginning to weigh down the money market, it will be a ground for satisfaction if we succeed—as there is every reason to hope that we shall do—in getting through the difficulty, though at the inconvenient cost of having discounts for a few weeks at seven or even eight per cent. While money is in eager demand all over the Continent, and credit has almost ceased to exist across the Atlantic, we cannot expect to retain the stock that is necessary for our commerce, except by keeping up its price; and any considerable improvement in the market is hardly to be looked for until the news arrives of the abatement of the panic, and the restoration of confidence in the United States. Unfortunately, the vicious system of banking which has compelled so many establishments to suspend specie payments must have shaken the very foundations of credit too roughly to allow of a very speedy return to a wholesome feeling; and, however we may be disposed to groan under the pressure of hard times, it is no small relief to reflect that we have not placed our reliance on institutions so unstable as those which have proved in America unable to stand against the railway panic, exaggerated as it has been by an unprincipled press. But it may be confidently predicted that the first indication of an improvement in the American markets will give substantial relief to our own commerce, and in no event need we apprehend the aggravation of the pressure which unreasoning fears have on former occasions produced. It is a very common and a very idle complaint against our currency legislation that, though it guards us against actual exhaustion, it fails at times to prevent the recurrence of seasons of panic. The truth is, that no law can of itself hinder men from indulging in needless alarm. The only real remedy for evils of this description is to be looked for in the increase of intelligence. And on comparing the present time with the last great crisis of 1847, it is impossible not to observe a very marked advance in this respect. Every unexpected rise in the rate of interest—and there have been many since the peace—has been thoroughly comprehended; and though present difficulties must induce a reasonable caution, we are confident that they will not be aggravated by imaginary fears, and that our merchants will be able steadily and calmly to face and surmount whatever inconvenience they may suffer from the reaction of American troubles on our more stable commercial system.

THE INDIAN NEWS.

THE last news from India is the best that has been received, since we were first startled by the intelligence that the North-Western Provinces were in a blaze. It is true that the tidings are, for the most part, of a negative character; but they have brought relief to many minds which, for weeks past, had been oppressed by terrible fears and forebodings. Delhi had not been taken—but it had not been assaulted. On the other hand, Lucknow had not fallen; and there was every reason to believe that it would hold out, until relieved by HAVELOCK and OUTRAM. So appalling had been the prospect of a repetition, in the Oude capital, of the tremendous tragedy of Cawnpore, that as soon as the brief sentences of the telegraph made known the fact that Lucknow was safe, the news was felt to be good news by thousands, who, in the fulness of their satisfaction, scarcely cared to read its remaining announcements.

But, although the prospect of the relief of Lucknow, before the terrible exigencies of famine had either destroyed its gallant defenders at their posts, or compelled them to resort to the desperate venture of capitulation, yielded food for abundant rejoicing, it was by no means the only item of intelligence which gladdened the public heart. It was a great thing to learn that the Mohurrum had passed quietly over at all the three Presidencies of India. There had been too much ground for alarm that, in the then excited state of the Mahomedan mind, a further flame of fanaticism would be kindled by the associations

of the great religious festival, and that fresh acts of violence and ferocity would be committed before its close. There had been a restless feeling gaining strength among the Mahomedans of Western India, which at that critical period might have culminated in a Mussulman outbreak; and even at Calcutta itself, it was believed that there were smouldering elements of danger which the Mohurrum might stir into a blaze. We have passed this critical period in safety; and there is, therefore, the strongest possible presumption that the fire is burning out. There is little likelihood now of the revolt taking any new shape. Our reinforcements are beginning to arrive—the time for the action of our enemies is now over—and, to use an expressive colloquial illustration, England has got her *innings*. We have no fear for the issue. There appears to be little doubt that we shall lead off with an assault upon Delhi. The force under General WILSON was only waiting for the arrival of another siege train, with guns of larger calibre than those already at his disposal. The engineer officers had reported that, on the arrival of this train, the attack might safely be commenced. There is every prospect, therefore, that the next mail will bring us something more than merely negative intelligence from the great centre of action. Of the success of the movement there can be no doubt; but it will probably not be all that could be wished. Our force is not large enough for the investment of the city. We cannot shut up the mutineers within its walls. Large numbers, therefore, may escape. Large quantities of munitions and treasure may be conveyed away. The pourings out of Delhi may yield the materials of new armies to be encountered in other parts of the country. But the day of destruction will only be delayed. There can be no escape; for, in a little while, England's army will be in the field.

Troops had arrived from the Mauritius—troops were arriving from the Cape—and troops were daily expected from England. Everything tends to show that the tide has turned. We know that, although we may yet hear of isolated disasters on a comparatively small scale, the general aspect of affairs is brightening; and when once the stream of prosperity sets fairly in our favour, there is no ground for apprehending any essential check to our success. Considering what we have done, when the mutineers were in the first flush of success, with all their energies unexhausted, and their resources undiminished, under the burning suns of May and the deluging rains of July—considering, we say, what our little bands of heroic Englishmen have achieved, against such odds and under such trials—how can we doubt the triumphant issue of the war, when 35,000 fresh troops are let loose against a diminished, a weakened, a dispirited force, continually beaten on the field by handfuls of our people, exhausted, as they have been, by continual marching and enfeebled by disease. Hitherto we have had everything against us—now all things will be working together in our favour.

But, although the final stroke to the victory will be given by these reinforcements, we must not forget those who are the real victors—the little bands of warriors who have borne the burden and the heat of the meridian conflict, and stemmed the tide of the revolt at its height. It is one thing to resist the on-coming wave—another to follow its retreat. There will doubtless be loud rejoicings when we hear that our irresistible reinforcements have been landed on the shores of India, and have swept without let or hindrance over the land; and many new names will be associated with these victorious enterprises. But we must not suffer these newcomers, whatever may be their exploits, to snatch the laurels from the brows of those who have encountered the real difficulties of the crisis, and smoothed the way for their successors. Whatever now may happen, it will be to such men as HAVELOCK, NEIL, NICHOLSON, EYRE—and, we doubt not that we may add WILSON to the list—that England will really be indebted for treading out the fire of revolt.

THE MURDERS OF THE DAY.

IT were idle to attempt to account for the fact that great and exceptional crimes seem to have a gregarious character. It is as though there were some epidemic in murder just now. Horrors, as the poet and proverb say of misfortune, come in battalions. At the present moment slaughter stalks abroad, not only in its most terrific shape, but in every conceivable variety. Parricide at Bramall, fratricide at Liverpool, a double murder and suicide near Bath, wife

murder at Islington, besides the monstrous and mysterious tragedy in London and the murder in Leigh Woods, are a cloud of witnesses—such as rarely, if ever, have presented themselves in such close and terrible proximity—to the horrid passions to which even civilized society is liable. These things are not exactly suitable for mere moralizing; else, if we could disregard the sort of profanity which, to our mind, characterizes over curious speculations into the moral causes of a sudden outbreak of atrocities such as these, one might be tempted to say that, just when we are congratulating ourselves that we are not as other men, and that Cawnpore and Delhi massacres are only possible among barbarians and heathens, these things in Christian England are a hint to look at home. They are this; but we think it an unsafe view of providential doings to suggest that such a lesson required such an illustration. Fierce passion is much the same among us as in the tropics, and at all events our separate murderers have not the stimulus afforded by a frenzied multitude.

In one case at least—that in the neighbourhood of Bath—there comes out something of that imitative character which is observable in crime, and which forms an inexplicable problem in psychology. The murder in Leigh Woods was, it seems, much talked about; and, in the immediate neighbourhood, especially in village society—which requires a strong excitement, and something of personal or local interest, to stir it at all—it must have been the topic of the day. In one instance, it fell upon a morbid, and, perhaps, disordered temperament. The poison worked upon a moody mind and diseased body. It is possible that if MILLER, the murderer of the two BORDERERS, had been in a different social position, or could have been attended to by persons of intelligence, he and his victims might have been saved. The neighbours saw that he was "ranged," but there was nobody to think of placing him under medical care. Incapable of watching his own symptoms, and exasperated by the rough jokes of his associates, who jestingly accused him of murder, MILLER became a murderer in earnest, only because there was no enlightened sympathy at hand to watch the fire consuming his brain, or to suspect the uncontrollable desire of imitation which was lashing him to unquestionable frenzy.

The Bramall murder, as it stands in the verdict of the Coroner's inquest, which unanimously charges a son with the horrid crime of parricide, is precisely one of those cases which fictionists are considered unnatural for venturing upon. It is only in books that one expects to hear of a son deliberately shooting his father, for the mere sake of getting the lease of his farm. Lady Macbeth stayed her hand because the generous Duncan looked in sleep like her father; but if JAMES HENDERSON is a parricide, he was unmoved by the actual reality of a sleeping father. And yet the man was intelligent, trusted and trustworthy, employed for years in the enlightened commercial society of Manchester, careful, industrious, and active in his calling, even while it is distinctly proved that he used language and threats the most appalling towards his father, and committed a violent assault upon him. It shows a strange state of the domestic institutions in Cheshire that such a household excited neither surprise nor suspicion, and that scarcely a single witness seems to have thought much of a state of things so foul and unnatural. If JAMES HENDERSON is a murderer, his case will be remarkable as an instance of the judicial blindness which sometimes causes the perpetrator of a crime to render its instant detection easy; for the horrid deed was done in the most stupid and clumsy way of any murder on record.

After these exceptional cases, the murder of an aggravating and drunken wife by a low drunken savage of a husband at Islington—the murder of a poor boy in Nottingham Forest for his clothes—the murder of the poor woman in Leigh Woods, probably only for her money—may be passed over. They become by comparison light offences in the extant calendar of homicide, and all shrink before the Waterloo Bridge atrocity. It is not only the mystery which surrounds this last case, but it is the magnitude of the crime, and the evidence it presents that there were accomplices in the deed, which peculiarly arrest public attention. The mutilation of the body has its parallels; for the GREENACRE and GOOD murders, and, at a remoter period, that committed by THEODORE GARDELL, exhibit the same aggravation. In all these cases, it was necessary for the murderer at once to dispose of the *corpus delicti*, because suspicion, or rather the certainty of detection, would at once have fallen upon the only person who could have com-

mitted the crime. Hence the inference that, in the Waterloo Bridge case likewise, it was absolutely necessary for the murderer or murderers not to let the body be discovered. There is, therefore, some hope that if the body can be identified, justice will at once pounce upon the only possible criminal—or rather, we should say, criminals, for it is difficult to believe that the woman with her ghastly burthen was without accomplices, or even that she was the actual perpetrator of the murder. Here there is another trace of hope—the chances of detection increasing in multiplied proportion directly we get beyond a single individual concerned. We cannot assume the impossibility of the identification of the mutilated remains; and, this effected, we think the extraordinary care taken to dispose of the body suggests the probability of instant suspicion falling upon the guilty; while, if the guilty are plural, the terrible secret has a further chance of being discovered. At any rate, the contest between justice and crime is peculiarly interesting. The case is one which puts the boasted efficiency of our police force to the most trying test. At present no Poe has appeared to unravel, by the curious mental power which that strange misguided intellect possessed, a *cause célèbre* even darker than that on which, in a well-known experimental process, he seems to have succeeded, or to have persuaded his readers that he succeeded. We are not believers in the miraculous tact of our officials, and certainly, if the newspaper accounts are to be believed, they either hold no clue, or take strange pains to make their proceedings ineffectual. Meanwhile it is well to guard against popular terrors, which are sure to accompany such an event. We do not believe in the alleged multitude of "missing" persons. Much more reasonable is it to suspect a stupid, morbid love of hoaxing, which sends persons to the police courts to inquire after fictitious friends and relations, than to persuade ourselves that at any given moment there are always ten or a dozen missing individuals, lost without the slightest possible reason for their alleged disappearance.

As we have already hinted, we think that the argument for special interpositions of Providence is often unwise and always questionable; but there is a general consent of mankind that murder will out—a healthy and useful prejudice, as even those will admit who deny its legitimacy as a religious conviction. In the present instance, there is certainly something very significant in the marvellous and unexampled circumstances which led to the discovery of the existence of the crime. In any ordinary case, the string would have dropped the ghastly bag into the silent and all-concealing river—any other bridge than Waterloo would not have presented the retaining buttress—any other part even of Waterloo Bridge would have concealed the deed. Some years ago, on the Great Western Railway, a fragment of a wheel of one of the carriages was splintered off at the very moment when an opposite train was passing, and a lady was killed on the spot. The chances were as every foot of road between London and Plymouth to one, against this accident happening at the very instant that a passenger could come in contact with the iron fragment. The chances against the concurrence of circumstances which led to the discovery of the Waterloo Bridge murder, we dare not attempt to calculate. We sympathise with the public feeling which is disposed to trace this fatality to an interposition something more than human.

NEW SCHEMES OF INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

THE extreme looseness of thought and language which long prevailed on the subject of India is rapidly giving way to much greater accuracy both in conception and expression. The sudden rise into absorbing interest and overwhelming importance of a topic which had become almost proverbial for its dulness, and for the indifference with which it was habitually treated, was sure to produce a multitude of vague and hasty generalizations; but Englishmen, when they are capable of thinking at all, are little wedded to their first views, however vehemently they may have stated them. If this journal has earnestly contended against the fallacies of the moment, it has been not so much from the belief that they would last long in the hands of those who first broached them, as from the fear that they would be picked up by persons who spare themselves the trouble of thinking on any subject, and would continue to embarrass statesmen long after their early patrons had done with them. It is a good sign that we have pretty well got to the end of tropes and metaphors. We are no longer told that the country will never tolerate

a "shadow of a shade" between itself and its empire in India. The question is now fairly enough put, whether India shall be governed from the Colonial Office, or from some analogous department, like an ordinary dependency of the Crown? Thrown into this form, almost every one of us is capable of dealing with it; and almost every one of us, when he applies his mind to the matter, will be stopped by a preliminary difficulty. What is the system which regulates the relations of English colonies with the mother country? Is it not true that it has been wholly revolutionized in the last few years? And if so, is it the plan which is exploded, or the plan which has taken its place, that is to furnish the model for the administration of our Indian Empire?

The system at present pursued surrenders to the colonies the control of everything in which they are interested, except matters of high Imperial policy, such as peace, war, and treaties. We should only waste words in showing that such a system is inapplicable to India. It necessarily involves the application, in some form, of the principle of representation; and there is not at present any scheme or theory on the carpet which does not imply that the "people of India" are to be governed despotically. We have stood a great deal in Canada; but British patience would be likely to explode a year or two hence at hearing of a Rebellion Losses Bill, intended to compensate the heirs of NANA SAHIB for the destruction of Bithoor. Or what would the Church Missionary Society say to a resolution of the Indian Parliament, moved by the Prime Minister (probably a Hindoo) and seconded by the Leader of Opposition (certainly a Mussulman), requesting the Governor-General to attend phallic worship at the temple of some god with an unwriteable name? True Indian self-government is therefore a paradox; but equally untenable in principle, and probably quite as formidable in the fruits it would ultimately bear, is the system by which certain Calcutta residents propose to couple a mockery of local independence with some shadow of security for British power. Why in the world should an "open" Council of resident Europeans pretend to govern India? What right has a man to rule an immense and populous country because he happens to have selected it as a field for speculation? Is an adventure in indigo planting, or an expedition to a hot latitude in search of briefs, to entitle every chance Englishman to a share in the most prodigious oligarchy which the world will have seen? Such a Government would exhibit all the defects which, rightly or wrongly, have been charged against the East India Company. It would mismanage, because it would be too busy with its commercial occupations to understand its political duties; it would job, because its interest in India would, by the assumption, be sordid and personal; and it would oppress, because it would owe to the mere privilege of race an unnatural authority over an empire which it had neither deserved nor won. It would, in short, be the East India Company as painted by its bitterest detractors, but the Company without a history, without accumulated experience, without sense of responsibility, and without effectual control from home.

When, then, it is affirmed that India ought to be governed like an ordinary dependency of the Crown, the implication is, that we are bound to revive for its benefit the policy which we have just pronounced inapplicable to every other British colony. We leave those who advocate the change to account for the paradox involved in supplanting a system which cannot be said to have failed, by a system which has confessedly disappointed the hopes of English statesmen. It is clear, however, that the faults, whatever they were, of the old colonial policy would be fatally enhanced if that policy were transferred to the government of India. MR. CHARLES BULLEI, in the long bill of indictment which he drew out against the "Office," has familiarized us with the chief inconveniences of ruling a great dependency in the bureaux of the mother country. He told us that the Parliamentary head of the department was too rarely selected for his special capacity, and too rapidly changed with the alternations of party, to be able to do more than cram the information provided him by his subordinates. The real administration of the colonies fell unavoidably to unacknowledged subalterns, whose responsibility to the country was not even nominal. Even when these officials were men of energy, knowledge, and talent—as in some instances they notoriously were—the labours devolved on them were too prodigious for any possible combination of powers. No official industry could keep pace with the ever-varying exigencies of the subject dependencies; and the true Sovereigns

of the colonies were driven to administer them rather in accordance with some thread of official tradition, than from consideration of their immediate and pressing interests. Such were Mr. BULLER's accusations, and they confessedly gave the death-blow to the system. Can there be a moment's doubt that, if such defects occurred in the administration of India, they would prove, not inconvenient, but fatal? There were natural limits to the mistakes which the Colonial Office might commit in the case of ordinary dependencies. Canada, Australia, the Cape, and the West Indies are mainly peopled by Christian Anglo-Saxons. No Secretary of State could be led blindfold into absolutely outraging the prejudices, or completely mistaking the character, of his colonial fellow-subjects. But India is another matter. As the mutiny has just proved, the Europeans who know it best know it little. The cleverest man, who addresses his whole mind to its study, is sure to find in the long run some prodigious flaw in his information. The most sagacious of bureaucrats, left to himself, would set it on fire in a year or two; and nothing but the play of various degrees of knowledge, acquired by various sorts of experience, can be trusted to give us even an approximation to such an understanding of it as may furnish a basis for action.

Under present arrangements, the Board of Control corresponds to the Secretary of State of the old Colonial system. The India House answers to those permanent subordinates who, be the theory of Government what it might, had always a quasi-monopoly of the knowledge essential to action. And, this being so, we say that the Directors, effectually controlled as they are by the Crown authorities, are infinitely better placed than the officials against whom Mr. BULLER waged so successful a war. They have more consideration and therefore more heart in their business; their functions are quasi-public, and imply therefore a true and real, if not a legal, responsibility; and, above all, better security is taken for their accurate acquaintance with the empire they govern. These circumstances of their situation deserve to have all weight attached to them, however much it may be necessary to amend the relations of the Board of Control with the India House, or of both with the local Government of India.

SOCIAL REFORMERS AT BIRMINGHAM AND MAIDSTONE.

BRENNUS may be at the gates, but Rome pursues its stern path of self-respectful duty. The Courts of law sat on the day when an English King was beheaded before his own palace. It might have been thought that people's minds would be so occupied just now with the one-absorbing thought of Delhi and Lucknow, as to leave but little heart and interest for merely social matters. The regulation of the housekeeper's accounts, and the daily shortcomings of kitchen and pantry, are apt to be disregarded when death and terror have entered into our chambers. It is, therefore, a noble sign of a nation's self-possession, when daily duties and the hard struggle against the consequences of past neglect are pursued, at such time as the present, with renewed vigour. That social reforms of various kinds are at this moment engaging so many of our leading minds ought to strike bystanders as a remarkable illustration of what makes England what it is. The newspapers of the past week furnish striking proofs of this spirit working in English society. At Maidenhead, we find the county magnates and the tenant farmers assembling under the presidency of the representative of a foreign Power, to whom it is made sort of objection that he is a prejudiced judge of our institutions, being already half an Englishman; and we see Mr. HOBBS, of Cookham, and the PRINCE CONSOR, contending for prizes for the best turnips and the cleanest fallows—though we believe, by the way, that fallows are rather a matter of tradition. At Birmingham, which has been said to be the head-quarters of the commercial spirit in its most material and iron form, we have a congress to take counsel about the thousand and one modes of furthering the common weal of all classes—a demonstration which, however questionable in some aspects, is certainly not open to the charge of a narrow and limited practicality. At Maidstone, the English primate, and the lords and squires of Kent, are striving to solve the difficult problem of raising the intelligence and quickening the torpid mental circulation of ploughboys. These things, we say, may be remitted to the serious ponderings of the *Univers* and the *Journal du Nord*; and if they were likely to reach the durbar of the phantom Majesty of Delhi,

they might teach him what sort of thing he has to do with in challenging the supremacy and might of England.

What is especially noticeable is, that this same spirit is seen pervading minds of such various training, and that this sort of patriotism is at work on objects so multifarious and diversified. Lord BROUHAM at Birmingham represents that comprehensive philosophic spirit which concerns itself with nothing less than the whole framework of society. In fact, our misgivings about the new Association for furthering social science are in great part founded on the unmanageable largeness of its aims. Although, however, we may well pause before we give an unqualified assent to the judiciousness of a scheme which apparently aims at combining all ethics and all politics in a sort of Consolidated Joint-stock Company, we can readily understand that there must be something attractive to a philosophic mind in this grand desire for unity and order. And certainly never was a vast scheme recommended with greater eloquence, or with a wider survey of the spreading provinces of a nation's duties, and therefore of a nation's hopes, than in Lord BROUHAM's Birmingham speech. Time, the great reformer, has done much for the veteran founder of Mechanics' Institutes and Useful Knowledge Societies; and it is not the least curious sign of national progress, and of the hold which religion has taken, not only on the popular mind, but on the highest intellects, that the Birmingham Conference was inaugurated by a special service at Church—a proof, happily not much needed in these days, that much of the old jealousies between the Church and social progress are at an end. Each party knows and respects both itself and the other better than was the case a quarter of a century ago.

From this almost oppressively colossal enterprise, it is a relief to turn to the Maidstone meeting. At Birmingham, we are overawed by the pomp and completeness of a fabric of unearthly size and dignity—at Maidstone, it is but a village cottage which is built. And yet each has its use. In the works of man, as in those of his Maker, there is nothing too humble to task and to require our dutiful care and our best service. Mr. BERESFORD HOPE does as well in insisting upon the homely work of giving the ploughboy the best sort of teaching, and the most of it, and in encouraging him and his to prize it and to cultivate it, as does Lord BROUHAM in enlarging on what he calls "limited inquiries" into, and practical deductions from, such facts as "the accumulation and distribution of public wealth; the prosperity or sufferings of the people; the quiet or the disturbed state of the country; the diffusion of knowledge by education; the moral improvement of different classes; the action of the law and its administration upon the habits of the community; the benefit which may result from individual exertions unconnected with the State; the increased efficiency of such exertions when made by bodies of men; the just limits of public interference with private concerns; whether for encouragement or repression; the duties of the State in respect to undertaking works beyond the powers of individual enterprise, and the limits of those duties; the right and expediency of public interference with the authority or the conduct of parents."

Weighty and difficult questions these. They have tasked, and ever will task, humanity, because they exhaust the problem of duty; but they are quite consistent with the weary struggle of parson and squire, landlord and archdeacon, in the humble work of village schools. And in neither case are the orators mere preachers. No man alive has done more in the way of solid work—work for others as well as for himself—in fag and drudgery at Law Reform, and in personal contributions both to the sum of knowledge and to facilities for acquiring it, than Lord BROUHAM; while Mr. BERESFORD HOPE does not confine himself to coming out once a year at the county town to make his autumnal speech, *more senatorum*, about social wants and duties in general, but is in the habit of spending his winter evenings in lecturing tenants and neighbours, farm-labourers and the occupants of the servants' hall. That is to say, he practically interests himself in the simple and not always pleasant school-room work, which is a very different thing from the school-room theory. Whatever such a man says comes recommended by the irresistible weight and influence of experience. When he tells his Kentish neighbours that the village school must, to be valued by the parents, and really to do any good, make much of the industrial element, and when he recommends half school time, we know that we are not listening to a mere Parliament man, showing off and making political

capital out of one of the ordinary stock-pieces of the season and of his position. And there is another common feature of all these schemes and associations either for the promotion of social science or for the amendment of social practice. Even at the best, much of their labour will be spent upon a thankless and forgetful generation. For one seed that comes to the full, a hundred perish. It ever will be that we shall have to reform and to educate. We shall, till the end of the world, have to go on struggling and finding our schemes fail, and then to try back and begin again. We are forced to acknowledge that, after all, the village school does not do much; and, in like manner, even the originator of the Useful Knowledge Society and the founder of Penny Magazines, has to review the barren and unsightly waste of national ignorance and national failures and defects—sins of omission and sins of commission—and to declare that he must begin afresh, and that there is literally, after all, everything to be done. So it is, and so must it be; and all our “promotion of social science” will never alter the unvarying conditions which bound and limit human endeavour and achievement.

THE DEATH-WARRANT OF ORANGEISM.

IT is a pleasant and profitable speculation to trace the hidden and mysterious benefits which result from agencies mean and contemptible, or even positively offensive. In the great cycle of things, putrefaction is an element of good—islands which are destined to be continents are the work of a little insignificant insect which few of us have ever seen—and in the universal economy, there is not the most nauseous or venomous creature which has not its beneficent function, could we but see it. It is only occasionally that we can at once perceive the use of a very ugly incident. It is all very well for Mr. ALEXANDER POPE, not exactly seeing the very large consequences of his optimism, to say—

If plagues and earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?

Because, after all, it is very difficult to discern the use of a BORGIA or a CATILINE, except as rhetorical commonplaces, and fulfilling their function in sermons and moral essays. But the final cause of Mr. HUGH HANNA, though among the meanest and silliest, and yet, in his way, most mischievous of God's creatures—though he, and such as he, like the worthies spoken of in the *Essay on Man*, half incline one to Manichaeism, and suggest the suspicion that there are some human creatures in whose existence God has but little share—Mr. HUGH HANNA's use, we say, has been somewhat unexpectedly cleared up. One wondered at his function. He nearly contrived to set all Ireland in a blaze, and we marvelled that such a result could be within the power of such an individual. Now, however, the mystery is cleared up—we see his use, and are only thankful that his ability did not match his intentions. They were large enough. What has happened at Belfast would, a few years ago, have produced something very like a rebellion. In the old O'CONNELL days, to say nothing of earlier eras, this stupid preacher's insolent defiance of some millions of his fellow-countrymen would not have ended as it did, in a vast amount of very sham fighting. As far as we can make out, there was nobody killed in the late row. This alone shows that Ireland is not what it was. Weekly riots—rifle clubs—the constables from Dublin—the yeomanry charging the mob, and nothing coming of it but some most fervid nonsense in the newspapers—a very great noise, but no lives lost—shows that the old spirit, even of evil, has died out. An Irish row is not what it was *Consule Plancio*, when GEORGE IV. was King. Even Donnybrook, if it exists, must be in a fair way of becoming either a respectability or a sham. And so Mr. HUGH HANNA, with his last Jacquerie, is a sign of the times. He is like Caliban, a very foolish monster. There is nothing of the real old Irish spirit—its earnest savage Saxon and Celtic fury—in the late faction fights. It was reserved for the last of these nuisances to die out under a very contemptible agitator—an exceedingly small imitation of the old firebrands.

It is well that the Government has taken this opportunity of putting down one of the traditional follies of Ireland. Orangeism has received its death-warrant. The LORD CHANCELLOR has announced, in a letter to Lord LONDONDERRY, the Lord Lieutenant of the very Protestant County Down, the resolution of the Government not to appoint any magistrate who is, or who will not pledge himself not to become, a member of an Orange Lodge. Judging from the

extraordinary amount of verbiage in which this resolution is couched, it looks like a rather serious act of State policy. But it is, in truth, a very harmless and safe step. The time had arrived when the most cautious Executive, and a Lord LIEUTENANT as unoriginal as the present, could safely venture upon it. When Orangeism at work had dwindled down to Mr. HUGH HANNA, and when, with his extraordinary opportunities of destroying the peace of a kingdom, he made so little use of his advantages, it was plain that to put down the thing was as safe as to suppress Greenwich Fair, or to get rid of Trial by Ordeal, or any other antiquated and preposterous absurdity. When Orangeism collapsed into Mr. HUGH HANNA, it was safe work to crush the hive and its occupants. Sting and mischief were out of them. They were unpleasant, and perhaps vicious, but there was no power in them as in the days of old.

The step is an important one, though, as we have said, thanks to Mr. HUGH HANNA, a safe one. Else it might have seemed hazardous, at a juncture when we especially need the united loyalty and patriotism of the whole Empire, to suppress such an institution as Orangeism. But we believe that the Government is quite right in taking this occasion to knock the decrepit old phantom on the head. It has lived its life of mischief and activity; and now it shambles and stumbles about, the mere mockery of its old self. It only apes its old bluster and swagger. Not that it was always an unmixed evil. In the rough, rude days which Ireland has had to pass through, it was one of the creative elements. In all transitional states there must be an epoch of monsters. Orangeism and Ribbonism represent that Pleiocene or Miocene era in which the earth was the dwellingplace of strange and rudimentary creatures, formidable in tusk and claw, and feeding on monstrous unnatural vegetation, or monsters as uncouth as themselves. Every society has to pass through such stages; and the only peculiarity of Ireland is that, being in social matters what Australia is said to be in the physical world—the field on which we may witness those processes of development which elsewhere have long since been completed—we have actually seen Orangeism at work, and we now witness its decline and fall. To be present at its extinction is like assisting at the death of the last dodo. It tells of an old world worn out; but that old world was a necessary condition of the new one. European civilization has gone through the same process. France would not have been the France it is, without its League, its Fronde, and its revolutions. The Roses and their fierce, bloody, unnatural strife made England what it is. It wanted a Thirty Years' War to settle the Teutonic races. Italy must go through its Papal Rome and its Naples, before it takes form and order. Orangeism was in the nature of political things, and it was for good. Even Protestant ascendancy—coarse, grasping, selfish, insolent, and tyrannical as it eventually became—had its social mission. Belfast and the busy commercial Ireland of the North, are its beneficent results, but results not without their corresponding alloy.

But while the solid good remains, it is high time to get rid of the vexatious form under which Ireland received what really was a substantial boon. The Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory—Orange lilies—the Battle of the Boyne—of what are these things now the symbol? Not of the influx of Saxon industry and Saxon capital, and the gradual growth of law and order among a barbarous people. They are the mere signs and shibboleths of party—the coarse, vulgar, and brutal watchwords of race against race, and religion against religion. If it was at one time necessary for those who had intelligence and political power to avail themselves, in the presence of an overwhelming preponderance of numbers and brute strength, of such a close and formidable band of brotherhood as Orangeism presented, that unhappy necessity has passed away. Where Protestantism is strong, it can dispense with such a childish display as Orange lodges now present; and where it is weak, it is at all events superfluous to take precautions against what is now an impossibility—a Popish plot and a Jacobite invasion. All that is left of Orangeism is the decaying embers, the flickering, and we fear, not sweet-smelling, snuff of the candle. So the fire is raked out, and the extinguisher clapped on; and we have to thank the authorities for getting rid of a social nuisance, which is not the less a nuisance because it had shrunk to the wasted drivelling pantaloons, instead of the ruffling ruffian of a century ago.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

EVERY movement, however great may be its ultimate destiny, is pretty certain to be a little laughed at in its infancy. The British Association was very steadily and systematically ridiculed for years, and if it had not had a good share of vitality, it would inevitably have been laughed down. But it has at last reached a position in public estimation in which it no longer pays as a subject for the funny writer, and even the *Times* has ceased to banter the philosophers. We don't, therefore, think the worse of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, because people will ask, with a rather supercilious smile, what the Association is, how it intends to proceed, and what it is likely to do? But it is really very embarrassing to have to answer such questions; for the more one studies the displays of oratory with which the Birmingham meeting was inaugurated, the more difficult it becomes to discover the final cause of the Association's existence. In externals, it affects a certain affinity to the British Association, but in reality there is very little resemblance between the two bodies. Physical science and social science stand in very different positions. The men who were engaged in the work of physical discovery were for the most part known to each other only by name. Scattered over the face of the civilized world, and toiling each in his own study and his own laboratory, they had but imperfect means of learning each other's progress, and giving an harmonious direction to their common efforts. The societies in which they were in the habit of meeting were local, and the want of one common centre seriously impeded the success of investigations which belonged, not to one province or one people, but to the whole earth. The British Association supplied a real want, and therefore, in spite of ridicule and opposition, its importance and success have at length been universally recognised.

Social science, on the contrary, is so much modified by the circumstances of particular communities that it must always be cultivated rather as a national than a cosmopolitan pursuit. The reformers of Birmingham are indeed so fully aware of this condition, that they have not attempted to do more than bring into one focus the energies of our own country, without inviting any special co-operation from the citizens of other States. Nor can it be said that the inquiries of social reformers, like those of natural philosophers, have been materially hampered by the absence of mutual communication, or the lack of means for making their discoveries known. Instead of bringing together philosophers who have never met before, and giving publicity to valuable information which has hitherto been confined to this or that district, the new Association assembles men who have been long working in the same field, and who have had abundant opportunities of interchanging and promulgating the ideas which they have formed. It needed not any special organization to enable Lord BROUGHAM, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord STANLEY, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, and Mr. HILL, to indoctrinate each other with their several views on social progress. In Parliament and on the platform, in county meetings and from the Bench, in the societies which already existed in connexion with every topic that has been brought under discussion at Birmingham, in lectures and speeches at mechanics' institutes, and on a thousand other occasions of political and social union, they have enjoyed ample opportunities for delivering themselves of the burden of knowledge that they have accumulated. The consequence is, that the orations which have just been delivered tell us absolutely nothing which we have not heard before, and it is even questionable whether the papers to be read at the different sections will throw much new light on the problems on which discussion is invited. The truth is, that social science is already far in advance of any practical action founded on its dictates. It is not discovery, but work, that is required. We all know well enough, for example, that there are certain principles of sanitary science which we systematically neglect. We have a warning every few years in the shape of a visitation of cholera, that rebukes our folly with more force than even Lord STANLEY's well-digested statistics; and if the Birmingham Association is only to prove over again the truths that everybody admits and nobody acts upon, it can hardly be expected to be followed by any remarkable progress in social science.

Lord BROUGHAM, indeed, in his presidential address, while adroitly availing himself of the prestige of the British Association, did not attempt to disguise the fact that the present movement was designed rather as an agitation to enforce precepts already acknowledged, than as a means for promoting further investigation; and we believe that if it ever wins any laurels, they will be the reward of triumphs much more analogous to those of the Anti-Corn Law League than to the strictly scientific victories of the British Association. It is just possible that the union of a number of influential politicians, backed up by a goodly levy of social reformers from all parts of the country, may strengthen the hands of the increasing section of Parliament which is especially devoted to social questions; and should it do so, we need not scrutinize too closely the means by which so desirable an end may be reached, even though they should include a few addresses more remarkable for stale statistics and worn-out platitudes than for scientific originality.

It may be that the cause of Law Amendment will be strengthened by the addition of Lord JOHN RUSSELL to the number of its associated promoters, but we hardly know whether the science of jurisprudence gains much by his Lordship's refutation of the exploded error that justice ought to be made dear in order to discourage litigation, or by his historical allusions to the Protectionist blunders of COLBERT, and to the sagacity of Mr. HUSKISSON's commercial legislation. Neither do we think that Lord JOHN's theory of codification or consolidation, or whatever the rearrangement of our law may be termed, is likely to hasten that most desirable object. It is very easy to denounce the absurdity of consolidating the errors as well as the wisdom of the existing law; and, indeed, it is pretty generally admitted that it is impossible to work a mass of old law into a consistent statute without correcting some of the more patent defects which all are agreed in condemning. But when Lord JOHN RUSSELL tells us that before we consolidate we must complete the work of amendment by repealing every statute and every clause which is not framed in a spirit of enlightened policy, he tells us in effect to despair of consolidation altogether. Even the work of JUSTINIAN and the CODE NAPOLEON failed, in Lord JOHN's opinion, to eliminate sufficiently the errors of the jurisprudence on which they were based; and considering that absolute power was unable to come up to the exalted standard which Lord JOHN suggests for our English Code, we can hardly look for much progress from the very troublesome machinery of Queen, Lords, and Commons. Lord JOHN's peroration was admirably suited to call forth the "loud cheers" in the midst of which the orator resumed his seat, but it can hardly be regarded as an encouragement to jurists who may be anxious to put our laws a little into shape, or as a valuable contribution to the science of jurisprudence. However, our readers shall judge for themselves of the value of Lord JOHN's oracular delivery. It runs thus:—"My belief is, that when we have amended our laws, the code which will then be produced—slowly worked out it may be, painfully discussed it may be—will prove of a more perfect kind than any code which has hitherto been produced. It will be founded on the ancient enactments of a free nation which has struck deep into the soil the guarantees of its liberty—upon a civilization more complete than that which existed in the time of JUSTINIAN or of NAPOLEON. Let us hope, then, that under the beneficent sway of our beloved QUEEN, we may see our code of laws improved, and a fabric raised which, although it may take a long time in the rearing, will yet prove of such an order of architecture, and formed of such materials that it will be an object to be reverenced by other nations of the globe, and of a duration fitted to withstand all the assaults of time." Now, all this is unquestionably very fine, but is it science? And will any one who is really in earnest derive the slightest satisfaction from the picture of this wonderful fabric of legislation, which is not to be commenced until every defect in the Statute Book has been weeded out by the rapid and effectual process of painful discussion within the walls of Parliament? It may be that, for us, consolidation is an impossible and Utopian dream, but it is disappointing to learn this from an Association founded for the express purpose of grappling with the difficulties that beset us in the task of improving our jurisprudence, and giving a new stimulus to social science.

TRADITIONAL POLICY.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

SIR.—Excuse me for calling your attention to a misstatement in the article headed "Traditional Policy" in the *Saturday Review* of this day. You say, "We cannot agree with Colonel Sykes, that it was mere military pedantry which tried to force them [the greased cartridges] on the men." The observation was made by me in drawing a parallel between the mutiny of 1806 in the Madras army and the present mutiny of the Bengal army, and was intended to apply wholly to General Craddock's military pedantry in having whiskers shaven off, &c. &c., and not to the purposed introduction of a new and superior weapon and new ammunition for the army, which surely could not be placed in the category of "military pedantry" by any one who is a soldier. My object was to show that the mutiny of 1806 in the Madras Army, and that of 1857 in the Bengal army, originated, in both instances, in a dread on the part of the Sepoys that it was the intention of the Government to interfere with their religion.

Your obedient servant,

Oct. 10, 1857.

W. H. SYKES.

upon the question is the famous passage which extends from the 18th verse of the 12th chapter of Romans to the end of the 13th chapter. Stephens's awkward division of chapter and verse has seldom caused greater confusion than in this instance. No ordinary reader would perceive that the sense is completely cut in half by it, yet nothing can be plainer than the fact; for if the passage be read continuously, it has the clearest logical connexion:—"Do not revenge yourselves, but rather pause (*sore rotors*) in your anger. For it is written, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay,' saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him, &c. Let every soul be subject to the Civil Government [the higher powers], for it is ordained of God; and whoever resists it, resists God's ordinance. Rulers are a terror to evil works. The magistrate is the minister of God to thee for thy good; but if thou do evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain, *for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.*" Inverting the order, the passage runs thus:—The civil government is ordained by God himself, as his agent, to execute vengeance upon evil-doers. Do not, therefore, take the law into your own hands on your own behalf, but pause, being confident that God does and will (through his agent or otherwise) revenge you, and, in the mean time, try to soften your enemy by kindness. Unless the whole of the Old Testament history is a fable—unless the most awful revelations of the New Testament are false—unless this very passage is the exact opposite of the truth—unless David blasphemed when he called upon "the Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth"—unless Christ was mistaken when he said that he "came to establish the law, and that not one jot nor tittle should pass away till all were fulfilled"—unless we are prepared to say that, in order to be perfect as our Father in Heaven is perfect, we must disarm the civil magistrate of the sword of justice and vengeance which heields as God's appointed agent—we must admit that the prayer that the Lord may have mercy on the souls of Nana Sahib and his crew ought to be coupled with the sentence of the law, that they be hanged by the neck till they are dead.

Any one accustomed to accuracy in the use of language must be aware that the whole popular nomenclature of the moral virtues is composed of what Bentham used to denounce as eulogistic and dyslogistic phrases. In other words, it is popular, and not scientific. Want of spirit and humility, justice and revenge, mercy and weakness, liberty and license, contentment and apathy, and other words without number, are only different names for the same things—the one word or the other being employed according to the good or bad use to which the quality to which it refers is applied. We all use these words in conversation, and we all understand what we mean by them; but they do not apply to, and were not intended for, exact reasoning, and nothing can be more absurd than to take advantage in an argument of their use in conversation. If a boy had a toothache, and his father told him that he must bear it patiently, because contentment is a great virtue, he would not lose his right to be indignant if the boy on a future occasion justified his dirty hands on the ground that, though dirt was very unpleasant, he was quite contented with it. If a politician praises liberty, he does not commit himself to the doctrine that every man may do just what he pleases; and in exactly the same way, the general proposition that revenge is a bad thing does not condemn the whole notion of vindictive justice. Any one who thinks it worth his while to do so may, by a little familiarity with the trick which we are exposing, enjoy a logical triumph over the greatest of human thinkers.

In reasoning, no doubt it is most desirable, if possible, to have only one name for one thing, but in order to this it is necessary to begin by laying down a special definition for the purposes of the argument. In answer therefore to those who charge ourselves and our contemporaries with unchristian sentiments respecting vengeance, we will explicitly state our opinion upon the subject. Understanding, by a pleasure in vengeance, satisfaction in the infliction of pain upon another person in consequence of wrongs done by him either to ourselves or to others, we deliberately maintain that, in very many cases, it is a duty to execute vengeance, and quite right to feel a pleasure in it. Every one admits the utility, and indeed the absolute necessity, of punishment; and no one, we should suppose, would deny that, rightly or wrongly, men are so constituted as to feel satisfaction in inflicting it. The whole question therefore comes to this—Is that feeling wrong? To say that it is, is to say that a distinct constituent element of human nature—a disposition quite as universal as the appetite for food—is bad in itself, and that there is in human society no lawful channel for its exercise, though a thousand occasions constantly call it into action. This consequence was long since pointed out by Bishop Butler, and appears to us absolutely decisive of the whole question. The desire of revenge is like all other human desires. It is good or bad according to the purposes for which it is used. Generally speaking, in the private relations of life, it prompts men to act ill, because they take a most exaggerated view of the injuries which they have received; but the very object of all penal laws, whether they are those of a State, of society, of a school or of a family, is to draw the line (roughly enough, no doubt) at which conciliation is generally speaking to stop, and punishment or vengeance to begin. Whether a man boxes his son's ears for being saucy, or flogs his scholars for telling lies, or refuses to speak to a person who has cheated at cards, or sentences a thief to imprisonment,

DEUS ULTIONUM.

THERE are a large number of questions connected with morality which in quiet times are the exclusive property of speculators, and have but little interest for men engaged in the practical business of life. After a very early age, most men cease to discuss the origin of society, the foundation of the rights of governments, the true character of moral obligation, the freedom of the will, and many other "puzzles," as they are often called, which so frequently exercise the ingenuity of their juniors! In a vast majority of cases there is an easy escape from such disputations. Whichever side may be true, our conduct will be the same. If Palmer was a free agent, it was right to hang him for abusing his freedom. If he could not help poisoning Cook, neither could we help hanging him. From time to time, however, discussions arise which do produce an intelligible issue. If passive obedience was an absolute duty, William III. and his abettors were certainly traitors. There are theories, moral and theological, which imply that marriage is indissoluble, and there are other theories which imply the reverse. In short, however eager we may all be to avoid theoretical disputes, they sometimes bear so immediately upon the affairs of life that they cannot be avoided, and we believe that the present state of affairs in India is precisely a case in point. The atrocities of Delhi and Cawnpore have excited throughout the whole land a fever of indignation unparalleled in our history. There is hardly a man amongst us who would not submit to almost any sacrifice to revenge what has been done to English women and children in those towns. From the pulpit, from public speakers, and from the newspaper press, there has been, with few exceptions, but one voice on the matter. These exceptions, however—though in some cases, and especially in that of Mr. Disraeli, it is impossible entirely to believe in them honestly—are sufficiently plausible to demand serious attention. Revenge, it is said, is in all cases and under all forms, distinctly opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and is condemned by the express words of the New Testament; and this Journal, amongst others, has been taxed with unchristian language in this respect.

Differing as we do, on the very broadest grounds, from the writers to whom we have referred, we think it most necessary to show that, whatever objections may be made to our views upon the subject, it is a very shallow and inattentive criticism which attacks them as unchristian. If they are so, the fact is one which deserves the most serious attention; for unquestionably, the opinion that there is nothing retributive—which is but another word for revengeful—in legal punishments, is not only not a Christian doctrine, but is distinctly anti-Christian. Ever since Christianity first obtained any extensive political authority—all through the many centuries which separate the fall of the Roman Empire from the French Revolution, during which the connexion of Christianity with the ordinary business of life was far more formally and more widely recognised than it is at present—the vindictive, retributive, or revengeful theory of criminal law was supposed to be expressly enjoined by God himself in all Christian States. The notion that punishments act only by fear—that they are a mere deterring force upon persons about to do wrong—that they have no moral relation to crime, and, indeed, that man is only a bag of appetites, and has no moral constitution at all—may be right or it may be wrong, but to call it Christian is either very ignorant or very impudent. Robespierre and Penn no doubt thought it very wicked to put a man to death by legal process. Rousseau, we believe, was of the same way of thinking; and we have amongst us in the present day many representatives of their opinions. We do not just now dispute their wisdom; but we do think it very odd that they should claim to be orthodox upon a point which Rome, Canterbury, and Geneva concur in deciding against them.

The opinion which condemns revenge is defended by a reference to certain well-known passages of the New Testament. It would perhaps be hard to find a stronger illustration of the careless fragmentary way in which those who most frequently appeal to the Scriptures are accustomed to read them. The great authority

Oct. 17, 1857.]

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or a murderer to death, he is executing vengeance; and he feels, if he is properly constituted, a certain amount of satisfaction, mixed no doubt with other feelings, in doing so.

To deny this theory is easy, but we doubt whether those who do so are quite aware of the consequences to which their denial leads. It may seem a strange assertion, but it appears to us to be clear beyond a doubt, that Monasticism and Quakerism have exactly the same root. Each repudiates an essential part of our nature, instead of trying to find out its use. Revenge, no doubt, is an awful thing. It has caused unnumbered griefs to men; but we have a precedent which those who wish to eliminate it from human affairs would do well to consider. We all know what evils immorality has produced in the world; and we also know in what proportion monasteries and marriage tend to purify men's minds. The attempt to disconnect justice and vengeance is much the same as the attempt to stigmatize the relation between the sexes as essentially evil. In some manner, and under some form, nature will have its way, and if thwarted, she is apt to become all the more violent. We openly express our wish for such retributive vengeance on the Sepoys as will assert, in the plainest and most durable manner, the eternal connexion between sin and suffering, and the determination and power of the English nation to make it manifest to the whole world. If we cared only to have the maximum of pain inflicted on the miserable wretches themselves, we should be inclined to hand them over to the tender mercies of our meeker brethren who, we fancy, would inflict upon them—all, of course, entirely for their own good—far severer punishments than we should approve of. The grossest immoralities have been committed by people who thought themselves too holy to have anything to do with their bodies—the most atrocious cruelties by those who shrank from revenge or bloodshed. The Anabaptists and Antinomians embellish the one calendar, and the gentle Robespierre is the meekest saint in the other.

CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AMID the discussions, of late so prevalent, relative to efficiency in the various departments of the public service, and to a system of examinations designed to ensure competent ability and knowledge in persons officially employed, it may not be altogether unprofitable to inquire how matters are managed in some one particular department, in which the degree of competency or incompetency may be easily discovered. It has been our lot, during some bibliographical inquiries, to meet with a recently issued catalogue, purporting to be that of the Library of the House of Commons; and, with our curiosity stimulated by the foregoing reflection, we began the task of endeavouring to gain an insight into the mode in which the Catalogue of so important a Library had been framed. The results of our inspection we shall endeavour to lay succinctly before our readers. We had hoped to be able to speak of the pleasure derived from the perusal of a compilation which, in our simplicity, we had imagined could not fail to be highly interesting to all who seek for information in catalogues of valuable collections of books. But so numerous are the faults we have noted in a cursory survey, that we must address ourselves to the less agreeable task of pointing out some of the amazing errors in which it abounds.

In the first place, there seems to be a general want of system throughout, particularly in the sub-alphabetical arrangements under subject headings, which, instead of being classified, are merely duplicate extracts from the general alphabet of the Catalogue. For instance, in the entry "Scotland," we find "The Darien Papers" under *The*; and on the next page we are referred to above sixty authors, the subjects of whose works are omitted. These latter being as various as the names themselves, it is difficult to see what possible purpose the list can serve, except to give vexatious trouble to the inquirer. Under "Greece," we have one general alphabetical hodge-podge of classical authors, Dictionaries, Grammars, Travels, Laws, Inscriptions, and Concordances to the Greek Bible. In the entry "Ireland," we have "Warner's History of the Rebellion" under *History*, and "Musgrave's Memoirs of the same," under "Musgrave." Under "France," the alphabetical list is arranged under authors and subjects indiscriminately, with entries such as "les six goéles," &c.

No distinction is made between headings of authors and subjects, and there is frequently a difficulty in judging whether the name is that of an author, an editor, or translator, a subject, or the first word of a title. The translated works of authors are entered in duplicate under the Translators, as if they were the authors, not a word being mentioned of translation—in fact, the words "edited" or "translated" are almost ignored in the Catalogue. See, for instance, "Taylor's Aristotle and Orationes Demosthenes," (*sic*), "Todd's Johnson and Works of Milton," "B. Montague's Bacon's Works," "Clarke's Works of Caesar," "Burman's Virgil and Quintilian," &c. And under "Melmoth" we have "Letters of Cicero and Pliny," and "Letters of Sir T. Fitzosborne," without the slightest indication of any difference in the relation of Melmoth to the works, as author of the latter and translator of the former.

Omissions of important words, and verbal errors which might have been avoided by a moderate amount of knowledge, frequently occur. Thus we find "Martin's Biographical Catalogue

of privately-printed Books," "Adelung's Grammatical Kritisches [] or German Dictionary," "Scapulus Lexicon," &c. &c.

Different authors of the same name are often confounded as one—the works of one are attributed to several—and some works are placed under Christian names, titles, &c. Thus we have "Inigo Jones's Designs" under *Inigo*, "The Life of Dean Colet by Dr. Sam. Knight" under *Dean*, and also under *Knight*, as if by *Richard Payne Knight*—and the elder and younger Plinys are confounded together as one. A "Compendium of the Funds," published in 1855, appears to be attributed to Sir John Fenn, the editor of the *Paston Letters*. The "Opuscula Mythologica," edited by T. Gale, is ascribed to the united labours of himself and the historian J. Fell; and the former is also confounded with Theophilus Gale, the author of the "Court of the Gentiles." Socrates appears as the author of a History of the Church—the word *Scholasticus*, to distinguish him from the Philosopher, being omitted. Alison's History of Europe and the Essays on Taste are attributed to the same author, &c. &c. &c.

In some cases we meet with a confusion in the subjects. Thus, under "Stuart," are entered "Hogg's Jacobite Relics" and "Barruel's Memoirs of Jacobinism"—the compiler apparently not being aware of any difference in the meaning of the two words.

Some headings and entries are, to say nothing more of them, simply absurd. For instance, the Icelandic Code of Laws called *Gragas*, is attributed to an author, *J. Gragas*. The Aldine edition of the British Poets has no entry under *Poets*, but will be found under *Aldine*. Some Animadversions on Athenaeus are entered under *Animadversions*. A heading is made of the word *Guerre*, though in an English Catalogue, and the "Aide-Memoire to the Military Sciences" is placed under it. Pickering's editions of the early Books of Common Prayer appear ostensibly under *Book of Rites*. "Les Illustrés Modernes" are under *Les*. Heinecken's valuable work, the "Idée d'une Collection d'Estampes," appears to be attributed to a Mons. *D'Estampes*. Shakespeare loses his humanity, and becomes a mere word, in the sentence "Nares's Glossary of Words, &c., particularly Shakespeare." We have "Bp. Patrick's Commentaries"—their subject omitted, as of no consequence. Some French dictionaries appear under *Dictionnaire*; but those of other languages have no corresponding entry; and a dictionary of the Irish language will alone be found under the words "Focaloir Gaoithilge."

We have curt and obscure duplicate entries of books of great importance, which are sometimes passed over in half a line, as "Hearne's Works, 40 vols." "Moryson's Itinerary" (in what country?), "Purchas's Pilgrimes," "Walton's Biblia Polyglotta," "Gough's Sepulchral Monuments," "Horsley's Britannia Romana," &c.; and a large collection of, no doubt, important historical documents presented by the Swedish Government, are catalogued in the following laconic style:—"Sweden—State Papers, 40 vols., 4to and 8vo."

On the contrary, where details are given, it is often with a profuse and useless fulness, without the slightest judgment being used to curtail matters of no importance. Eleven pages are consumed in an enumeration of the contents of the sets of French "Mémoires," where an eighth of the space would have amply sufficed, &c.

Perhaps the most common errors of the Catalogue are those arising from a want of acquaintance with the learned languages. Sentences frequently occur for which rules would be sought in vain in any Latin Grammar extant. Genitive and dative cases luxuriate in a happy freedom from all government and control; and an outrageous mixture of two languages in the same sentence imparts to them quite an amusing macaronic character. The Catalogue abounds, for instance, in such sentences as the following:—"Scriptores Latinitatis Glossarium"—"Scriptores Mediæ avī Glossarium"—"Xenophon. Lexicon Xenophontum, by F. G. Sturzius"—"Æschylus Tragediae, by J. Butler"—"Horatius, translated, æneis tabulis J. Pine"—"Josephus, Opera, cum notis by J. Hudson"—"Laudibus Legum Anglia, by Sir J. Fortescue"—"Longum Pastorale with Xenophontis Ephesiæcorum"—"Lucæ Holstenii nota postuma in Stephani Byzantis".—"Stuckins, Antiquitatum Convivialum, etc."—"Vinnius ad rem nauticum"—"Virgilus, editio Burmannus"—"Virgilus, editio Delphine"—"Xenophontes Ephesiæcorum, Works"—"Neustria Pia seu Abbatis et Prioratus Normanie"—"Platoni Opera, ex nova J. Serrani," &c. &c.

We think, from the above specimens, it may be gathered that the Catalogue embodies almost every kind of error to which cataloguing is liable—indistinct brevity, where amplification would be useful and advantageous—proximity, where it is useless and unneeded. No fixed principles are acted on—some works are entered under their authors, some under their subject—and instead of the best form of cataloguing in each instance being adopted, with cross references, the works are inserted, in duplicate, under headings which only ignorance and want of judgment could select, and where only folly could be expected to refer for them. In fact, the compilation appears to be made by persons totally unacquainted with literature, either as regards such knowledge as might be expected in the man of education and general reading, or that of the dealer in books, which last (*par parenthèse*) is a most essential adjunct to the former in the production of a really good catalogue.

The errors are those which one might expect, and could easily excuse, in the monthly cheap list of the small bibliophile, learned

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chiefly in the money value of his wares; but in a production issued under the sanction of the legislative assembly of a great nation, as the descriptive catalogue of the literary treasures it possesses, it cannot but reflect discredit on its compilers, on those who confided such a work to such inefficient hands, and lastly, through its representatives, on the nation at large.

THE RECENT HISTORY OF EGYPT.

EGYPT exhibits far more conspicuously than any other part of the Ottoman Empire the process of that resuscitation and transformation which it is the policy and interest of Western Europe to promote in the East. It has enjoyed the advantage of a security guaranteed by the Great Powers for sixteen years; and it has been governed by two very remarkable men. Mahomet Ali, at an early period of his career, imported into the Government of the country many of the notions which he knew to prevail in the West. He commenced great public works with a view to open or facilitate communication; he placed the whole management of the land under a uniform administration; he founded a regular system of primary and advanced education; and he established a standing army of natives. He was succeeded by a grandson, entirely unworthy of him—a mere selfish, indolent, Oriental despot. But, happily for Egypt, Abbas Pacha died early, and was succeeded by his uncle, Said Pacha, the present viceroy. An account of what Said Pacha has already done during the few years of his reign, has lately been published by M. Paul Merrau; and although it is perhaps slightly coloured by the prepossessions of the writer, who is an enthusiastic advocate of the Suez Canal, yet its substantial accuracy is, we believe, indisputable; and the picture presented of the good lying within the power of a single wise and honest ruler to achieve is well worth examining. We will state, as briefly as possible, the general direction in which Said Pacha has worked, and the general results which have followed his exertions.

His first task was to centralize the civil authority. It is the great source of the Sultan's weakness that his lieutenants are almost independent of him, and govern, rob, and maltreat their provinces after their pleasure. In Egypt, there were in the same way governors of provinces who were permitted to rule as they pleased, provided they paid to the viceregal treasury their regular quota of tribute. Said Pacha entirely suppressed them, and substituted what M. Merrau calls prefects of departments—the distinction between them and the old governors of provinces being, we presume, that the former are only the agents of the supreme government. Said Pacha at the same time reorganized the system of military conscription. The recruits were formerly compelled to serve for life. Now every male in Egypt is obliged to serve in the army for one year; and there are no exemptions. The chiefs of the villages had a prescriptive claim to exempt their children, but Said Pacha would admit of no inequality in this respect, and by the display of some necessary severity he carried his point. The amount of the standing army is astonishingly small, as it only numbers 12,000 men. But the geography of the country is in their favour, for the main body is quartered in an entrenched camp near a central station; and by the aid of the telegraph, the railway, and the river, the men can easily be moved to any spot where their presence may be required.

Said Pacha also introduced a great change in the tenure of property and the method of collecting the taxes. His father declared himself by a sudden edict, sole proprietor of the land, giving the former proprietors a pecuniary compensation equivalent to their yearly receipts. His object was, to be able to determine at his pleasure the extent and situation of the districts which should be assigned to the production of the articles which his acquaintance with the state of the European markets suggested would be most in demand. The fellahs paid in kind; and the pressure of taxation was so heavy that not only were they reduced to the minimum of subsistence, but they were deeply in debt to the Government. Said Pacha has entirely abandoned all attempts to determine the nature and extent of the crops to be cultivated; he has given to the cultivators not the absolute ownership, but the usufruct of the soil; he has remitted all existing debts; he has ordered all taxes to be paid in coin; and, in order to promote the industry of individuals, he has abolished the old system by which each village was responsible for the payment of the whole sum levied on it; and now every cultivator is separately liable, and has only to pay his own individual contingent. The Viceroy has also taken every means of opening the internal trade of the country. The cities were subject to the payment of a very heavy octroy on all goods brought into them, and this octroy was let out to contractors, who had the goods brought into the city, and then seized on them altogether, unless their owners would pay a certain sum in excess of the legal duty. Said Pacha has entirely done away with all payments on the introduction of merchandize into the cities. Foreign merchants, also, are now allowed to purchase directly from the producers; and all attempts at establishing a monopoly of carriage, so as to prevent any of the cultivators from enjoying a ready access to a market are steadily discouraged. Trade is being rapidly developed; and it is found that the Egyptians make excellent fairs. The natives beat the Europeans. Directly they are allowed to develop their energies, and a good Government permits the accumulation of capital, they show the supe-

riority which is given them by their greater sobriety and economy, and by their knowledge of the country.

The short reign of the Viceroy has also been marked by the execution of great public undertakings. The greatest of these has been the cleansing of the Mahmoudieh Canal, which is the main channel of communication between the upper districts and Alexandria. It was constructed in 1819; but, even in the latter years of Mahomet Ali, its utility promised to be speedily at an end, owing to the rapid accretion of deposits left by the water of the Nile which feeds it. When Said Pacha succeeded his nephew, the deposits had attained such a height that the exact length of time during which the canal would be available was easily calculable. The Viceroy was not a man to do a thing by halves. He determined that the whole canal should be cleansed within a month. He directed an engineer to estimate the number of men required. The estimate was fixed at 67,000. Orders were instantly sent to the Provinces, and portions of the work assigned to different districts. It was announced that when this portion was completed, the men of that district should be at liberty to return home. This acted as a premium on despatch, and the Provinces sent nearly double the number required. Adequate supplies of food were provided, and physicians were sent to watch over the health of the workmen—two measures that showed, as much perhaps as anything, that Egypt was under a new régime. The canal was cleansed in twenty-two days; and at the same time an excellent road was formed with the mud taken out of the bed. The railway from Cairo to Suez is being constructed in much the same way, the Viceroy being bent on having it finished in the least possible time, and having furnished the contractor with thrice the number of men he asked for. Other plans of minor importance are also being executed, or are already in operation. A service of steam-vessels is to be established for the coasting-trade of the Red Sea; and a Steam-tug Company has been formed, and allowed to begin its operations with concession highly favourable to the adventurers, on condition that they will render certain services to the country, and more especially that they will keep the bed of the Mahmoudieh free from deposits, by constant dredging.

Some efforts have also been made to foster education. Mahomet Ali set on foot a variety of military schools for the different branches of the service; but now that the army is so small, one elementary school and one school for the staff suffice. Great attention has been paid to encouraging the study of medicine, and a year ago a medical school was opened with much solemnity by the Pacha. At Cairo, there are a few secondary schools frequented by the aristocracy of the country; but the Viceroy appears to be of opinion, and very wisely, that it is worse than useless to stimulate an unhealthy and unnatural growth of knowledge among a people who have as yet scarcely any means of comprehending Western ideas, and who would gain little by a superficial acquaintance with books which they could not really understand. Material civilization, as it is often called, is the grand requisite and the grand education for a country like Egypt. This is the first generation of Egyptians for hundreds of years that has tasted the influence of that sweetest of thoughts to the industrious—that their money is their own. This alone is an influence the civilizing effect of which cannot be overrated. Were Egypt to enjoy but a few years untroubled with war or civil tumult, and were it ruled by such men as Said Pacha, it would soon become what nature intended it to be—one of the wealthiest and finest countries in the world. Considering that its present ruler has been at the head of affairs so short a time, and that it has during this period undergone the strain which the Russian war placed on its resources, it is surprising that the stride towards civilization which it has already taken should have been so great and so decisive.

THE LICHFIELD FESTIVAL OF PAROCHIAL CHOIRS.

THE cathedral church of Lichfield was the scene, one day last week, of a very remarkable celebration. It was nothing less than a musical festival; but not such a festival as one reads of at Worcester or Norwich, Gloucester or Hereford, where the singers are highly paid, and the audience highly taxed, and where, under the pretence of aiding some diocesan charity, the church is turned into an exclusive and expensive concert-room. At Lichfield, some seven hundred singers, not one of whom received a farthing for his services, were listened to by congregations of many thousand worshippers, not one of whom paid a farthing for admission. Such an occasion is wholly unprecedented, and its promise, both in a moral and in a musical point of view, is so great that we may be permitted to call special attention to so hopeful an experiment.

Any one who chanced to be at Lichfield on October 6th would have thought himself in Dreamland. Here was an English cathedral—that type of stagnation and inutility—not merely thrown open to invite a congregation, but actually crowded, in every square yard of its immense area, with devout and intelligent worshippers. What was the attraction? Not any celebrated singers, nor any famous oratorio. What was performed was nothing more than the ordinary services of the day, and the performers were the nameless choristers of fifty obscure parishes. Nor, again, was there the bait of some popular preacher. The preacher was the Bishop of the diocese, who had probably never met so many of his flock before assembled in one place, and who

delivered, though with manifest emotion, an earnest but most unaffected sermon. What drew together by special trains, from all parts of the diocese, the churchmen of Lichfield, was the wish to respond to the timely and popular advances of the cathedral authorities. Throwing off the traditional stiffness and obstructiveness of Anglican dignitaries, the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield resolved to show that they and their cathedral could be of some practical benefit to the diocese. They determined to utilize their endowments and *prestige* for the advantage of their fellow religionists. Accordingly, they issued a free invitation to the parochial choirs of the whole diocese to join them in the combined performance of a magnificent choral service. How much is involved in this recognition of parochial choirs—in this unheard-of breach of traditional exclusiveness—can hardly be estimated by such as are unacquainted with the tone of thought prevalent in the “precincts” or “closes” of our English cathedrals. The flutterings of strange surplices in choir, the burst of voices “not on the foundation,” are sights and sounds novel and hateful to the old-fashioned member of a cathedral chapter. The more honour, therefore, to the active Precentor of Lichfield, who rightly conceived that his office, properly viewed, entrusted him not merely with the superintendence of the cathedral services, but with the duty of encouraging, by sympathy and example, the musical part of divine worship in the parish churches subject to the see. The movement thus originated is exceedingly well timed. A few years ago, such an invitation from any cathedral authorities would have been fruitless, owing to the want of competent musical skill among parochial choirs. Church music had reached its lowest ebb in the bassoon and flute of the singing-galleries of our village churches. But among the educational revivals of our time that of music is one of the most conspicuous. And the gratifying result of the increased attention paid of late to the theory and practice of musical art was manifest in the creditable efficiency of the majority of parish choirs which enrolled themselves for the Lichfield gathering. Hullah-classes, trained schoolmasters, and Novello's cheap music-printing, have done their work; and it appeared at the Lichfield meeting that every part of that extensive diocese—the “black country,” the Pottery districts, the civilized Trent Valley, and the remote Moorlands—was able to send its contingent of trained singers to the diocesan festival. It is quite impossible to calculate the benefit, in the way of sanction, encouragement, and emulative example, likely to flow from this spirited experiment. It is proposed, we believe, to make the meeting annual; and it may be safely predicted that the singers will be more efficient, the music more perfect, and the celebration more popular, on each succeeding occasion. We abstain from touching on any of the ecclesiastical bearings of this movement in its various aspects. As a refining and humanizing agency, as a link of kindly intercourse, and as tending to the greater efficiency of a great national institution, this meeting of parochial choirs in the mother church of an important diocese seems to us a matter of universal interest.

After this preamble, rendered necessary by the novelty of the occasion, we may proceed to comment on the actual performances of the day. And should any of our observations seem severe, we may observe that they are prompted by a desire to promote the future success of these choral gatherings, and do not come from any disregard of the many circumstances which, in this particular case, would go far to disarm a stringent criticism. Where all was so strange and unprecedented, it would be perhaps unfair to expect any very perfect arrangements. But we must say that better provision might have been made for the distribution of the singers in the choir of the cathedral. We were informed, and indeed we had ocular testimony to the fact, that the choirs seated themselves by chance medley, after extreme confusion, and upon no principle whatever. For the accommodation of so large a number of persons, the preliminary arrangements ought to be as methodical as in the orchestras of Exeter Hall or the Crystal Palace, and the seat of each particular singer should be fixed and labelled. It is surprising that the music went off so well as it did, considering the distribution of the performers. There are obviously two systems upon which such a body of singers can be arranged. Either the voices may be grouped together in large masses, according to their parts—a plan which, though theoretically the best, would scarcely suit a performance of this kind without more rehearsal than is possible under the circumstances of the case; or else the several choirs may be kept distinct as separate units—a method which we should strongly recommend on another recurrence of this festival, as being the most practicable and rational, even at the possible sacrifice of some amount of musical effect. For it is highly expedient to maintain the integrity and *esprit de corps* of each choir; and each member of each choir will be likely to do better in every way when surrounded by those to whose presence he is accustomed, and with whom he is used to sing. The plan pursued at Lichfield was a confused mixture of the two systems; and, as we said, it is a wonder that the consequences were not more fatal to the success of the festival.

The services of the day were not particularly well chosen. “Rogers in D” is a grave but inapid specimen of the formal and scientific style of Anglican cathedral music. No great spirit was thrown into the performance of the *Te Deum* or *Jubilate*; and the poverty of the *motif* was as conspicuous, as the over-rapid “chopping” of the alternate recitation of the two sides of the choir was wanting in dignity. The meagreness of the composition was shown by the fact that the vast body of voice failed

to give it any powerful musical effect; and the due balance of parts, essential for the proper interpretation of music of this school, was as unattainable in such a choir as it was unattempted. The Nicene Creed, also by Rogers, was both finer in itself and more finely rendered, though its final movement degenerates into a commonplace prettiness. The Responses, as harmonized by Tallis, were effectively given, and the singers evidently gained courage and spirit as the service proceeded. So that the Old Hundredth Psalm was sung with really fine choral effect; and, as might have been expected, its massive harmonies proved to be far more suitable for execution by a mixed body of performers than the more elaborate compositions of Rogers or Croft. Indeed, the anthem, “Cry aloud,” by the latter, which was chosen for the morning service, was almost a failure, the time having been more than once lost in the concluding movement. We do not know who was responsible for the selection of the music. Another year a better choice may well be made, and some of Handel's gigantic choruses may advantageously be substituted for the less vigorous compositions of authors who wrote only for the delicate performance of an average cathedral choir. The *Sanctus* and *Gloria in excelsis*, by Tallis, were set down on the programme, and the devotees of the earlier school of sacred music had reckoned on an uncommon treat in the execution, by so large a number of voices, of those simple but sublime strains. But by some unexplained alteration of plan, these passages of the service, though the music had been carefully studied by the choirs, were not chorally rendered, and much disappointment was felt in consequence of the omission.

The afternoon service was in many respects more successful than the morning one. The music on the whole was somewhat easier, and had evidently been better learnt. Above all, the singers had gained confidence and experience, and a preliminary rehearsal of nearly an hour's length had accustomed them to united performance, and to the habit of obedience to the beat of the conductor. The chanting of the Psalms, to a melody of Alecock's, changing from the minor to the major mode, was both hearty and majestic, and the peculiar thrilling effect of a vast body of human voices was now for the first time experienced. In the afternoon responses and monotone, this effect was maintained, and in the recitation of the Creed in particular the wave of sound approached the sublime. Altogether a great lesson was taught as to the nature of the music most suitable, by its gravity and massive simplicity, for performance by so vast a choir; and we trust that it will not be lost upon those who will make the arrangements for the next Lichfield gathering. The anthem for the afternoon, “Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem,” by Hayes, went marvellously well; and its verse portion, taken by the cathedral choir alone, was prettily, though perhaps feebly, executed. The verse parts should have been doubled, or more than doubled, to make a proper balance with the overpowering fulness of the chorus.

Upon the whole, the success of this great experiment must be pronounced as most encouraging, and whatever drawbacks have been noticed will be useful beacons for future guidance. No one can doubt that the effect of such meetings, under such high sanction, will be of great importance not only in forming and fostering, but in directing, a musical taste among our population. The annual festival in the cathedral church of the diocese will be a powerful incentive to diligent practice and harmless emulation among the parochial choirs. And, putting aside any higher considerations, everything that tends to popularize among us an innocent and refining intellectual pursuit must be welcomed by all who have at heart the social improvement of their fellow-countrymen. The Dean and Chapter of Lichfield deserve our gratitude for their bold, but wise, innovation on traditional inactivity, and we hope that their beautiful cathedral—admirably suited as it is in plan for congregational purposes—may year by year be more and more utilized for diocesan needs. The church is at present in course of internal re-arrangement, and the late removal of Wyatt's hideous screens has alone rendered possible that employment of the whole area for the reception of a vast choir, and still more vast congregation, which has given occasion to the present notice.

REVIEWS.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

AMONGST the many compensations which fate has assigned to Prussia for the sands of the Mark of Brandenburg and the endless marshes of the Havel, we give the first place to the lines of Potsdam, and the second to that very unfashionable but extremely amusing place of resort, which is known to the Berliners as Kroll's Garten. To those who have laughed in its pleasant saloons over *Sonora Pepita mein Name ist Meyer!* or some similar piece of “high art,” and to those who feel the capacity for doing so, we recommend a few hours spent amongst the comedies of Roderich Benedix. The volume on our table,* which is only one out of ten in which the plays of this most prolific author have been collected, contains the *Old Maid*, the *Concert*, and the curious double drama called *Ober wie Unter*.

* *Geammale Dramatische Werke. Von Roderich Benedix. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.*

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which consists of two pieces, *Servants*, and *Masters*, and is intended to show the working of the same human nature in different classes of society.

We have looked through a volume of poems by Hermann Marggraff* without meeting with any piece which seems to us of any great merit. Nearly all those which we have read are nevertheless respectable compositions. The political verses are among the most successful, and far the best of these is the one entitled "The German at the Gate of Heaven." St. Peter is represented standing at his post, when a mortal appears:

Wer bist du? — Ein Mensch aus dem Frankenreich.
Bist du ein Alle Achtung! rief Sanct-Peter gleich,
Tritt nur hinein in die Pforte, ich bring dich auf den Thron.
Ein Fremder braucht keine Escorte.
Und wieder kum eine Seele heran, aber nicht so sehr
Mit stolzen machtigen Schritten.
Euch sieht's man's an die Augen an
Sprach Sanct-Peter, Ihr seid ein Britte, und du bist
ein Bruder! Nur herein Fremd Britte! Denn sicherlich
Siehst du einen Eintritt ich,
So können alle Theerjäcken...
Um mich an der Hütte zu packen.

A Spaniard, an American, and a Russian next arrive, and have various places assigned to them. At last appears an unhappy-looking creature:

Mit Wanderbuch und mit Passe,
Mit Trufl-Trufl-Verhältnis und Impfungschein,

Eine Seele besonderer Rasse.

This luckless being cannot tell his country, but refers to his *Wanderbuch* for it. St. Peter, after examining and getting thoroughly bewildered over the papers, finds that a burial-certificate has been forgotten, and goes off to consult whether, without it, the unfortunate German can be admitted. At last a voice comes to settle the question:

Lass lieber Petrus, mir nur herein
Den Mann den soviel gehetzen!
Die Letzten sollen die Ersten sein
Die Ersten aber die Letzten.
Was ist das Deutschen Vaterland
Auf Erden hat er es nicht gekannt,
Doch Platz ist im Paradies
Für ihn und seine Lüste!

Another poem very pleasantly ridicules the fear of Lord Palmerston which is entertained by so many foreign politicians, and which is productive of so many adventures, amusing and otherwise, to English travellers. From M. Marggraff's preface, it would appear that he has changed of late his political opinions. We cannot quite make out what his present views may be. We trust they have not very materially altered.

In this age of wars and rumours of wars, it is really delightful to look over a pile of German books, and to think that there are scholars in Halle and Göttingen, in Jena and in Tübingen, in Leipzig and in Bonn, to whom all the contests of States and the crash of Empires are as uninteresting as the French Revolution of 1830 was to the old wise man of Weimar. There lies before us a large monograph, some seventy pages of quarto, in which Friedrich Wieseler, with vast labour and enormous learning, examines the rise, the growth, and the various forms of the myth of Phaeton, and the modes in which it has been rendered by ancient art. Far be it from us to do more than to announce the existence of such a work. Like the Scotch girl who was asked if she had understood the sermon, we say, "Wud we ha'e the presumption?" May the sisters of the too rash charioteer, whether they be poplars, or alders, or larches (for all this is matter of hot dispute), weep over the grave of Herr Wieseler. He will receive, we fear, but little human sympathy.

M. Grein, who has already obtained considerable reputation as a translator, has just published the first volumes of two works which are intended to be companions. The one consists of a series of carefully edited Anglo-Saxon poems,‡ and the other of translations. The first of these comprehends twenty-nine pieces large and small—the second only eleven, including, however, the more important ones of the other volume, such as the "Genesis," by Caedmon, and "Beowulf." M. Grein has done his best to preserve the curious alliteration of the originals in his German versions. The character of the rhythm will be understood from the following specimen:

O du Wonne! und du wirldele
Höhe und himmlische! heilige Dreieinigkeit
Weigepriesen! über alle Weltengründe.

M. Grein's labours appear to have been thankfully recognised by good authorities in his own country. To Anglo-Saxon scholars in England they will, we apprehend, be less important; but all who take an interest in our early literature and history will be glad to hear that more Germans are likely to be attracted to their study. Our good neighbours between the Danube and the Northern Sea are the very backwoodsmen of literature. They fell the forests and build the first log-houses, and make all comparatively easy to those who come after them.

* Gedichte. Von Hermann Marggraff. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† Phaethon. Eine Archäologische Abhandlung. Von F. Wieseler. Göttingen: Dietrich. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ Dichtungen der Angelsachsen. Von C. W. M. Grein. Erster Band. Göttingen: Wigand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

§ Bibliothek der angelsächsischen Poesie. Von C. W. M. Grein. Erster Band. Göttingen: Wigand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

We receive from Stuttgart the second edition of a very pleasant little book, to which M. Riehl, its author, has given the name of *Musikalische Charakterköpfe*.* It consists of a series of sketches of the history of various masters. First we have Wenzel Müller—an Austrian of the Austrians, the quintessence of the spirit of the merry crowds which gather in the Wurst Prater. He it was who, in his old age, wondered why people made so much of Mozart, who had only written seven operas, while he had written more than two hundred. From this light-hearted son of the people we pass to a very different character, Emmanuel Astorga, the Sicilian, a sad and silent man, whose life was darkened by his enforced presence, when a boy, at the execution of his father, who had been compromised by his enmity to the Spanish Government. Astorga had many strange adventures. At the Court of Parma he enacted in real life the part of Goethe's Tasso, falling in love with the daughter of the Duke. From Parma he went to Vienna, where he was a great favourite of the music-loving Leopold I., who died with his band playing round him. Astorga's best work, his *Stabat Mater*, is said to have been composed in London. The next essay, called, in allusion, perhaps, to Gutzkow's well-known comedy, the *Literati of the Sword and Pigtail*, introduces us to Matheson, of Hamburg, the Lessing of the musical world of his day, and the deadly enemy of Handel. We then pass to the more familiar names of Bach and Mendelssohn, and remember, as we read M. Riehl's eulogy of the former, Beethoven's celebrated pun, "Bach ist kein Bach, er ist ein Meer." Several other short papers follow, all full of pleasant information pleasantly put together. The last essay is on our countryman, George Onslow. We wish this agreeable little work good success in England, and a place in the boudoir beside Polko's *Musikalische Märchen*, which are by this time tolerably well known among us, and which ought to find a translator, if, indeed, they have not already done so. We take this opportunity of recommending a much less known and very excellent work, *Musikalische Briefe, von einem wohl bekannten*,† published a few years back at Leipzig, and deserving to be circulated far and wide. It consists of two small volumes, the first treating of music in general and of German music in particular, the second passing under review a great number of composers, each in a separate chapter. It is a book calculated to give great pleasure even to persons who have no pretensions whatever to connoisseurship, and evincing much literary power as well as musical knowledge. We do not know whose name lies concealed under the *nom de plume* of the author, but the genial and philosophical tone of the writing reminds us of the king of German singing masters, Karl Näke, of Dresden.

We have not seen the first two volumes of the *Geschichte der Pädagogik*,‡ by Carl von Raumer, of which the third part is now before us. It is chiefly occupied with disquisitions on education, composed principally with a practical object, but essays are interspersed, in which the subject is treated historically. The author very wisely declines attempting to draw out a complete system of education; but his experience has been extensive, and he touches on many and widely distant points of his great subject. The first section examines the relations of the Family, the Church, and the School. The second discusses Religious Instruction, Latin, German, History, Physical Sciences, Mathematics, Arithmetic, and all those subjects which are connected with the development of the frame and the preservation of health. The long and elaborate paper on German is the work of Rudolf von Raumer, a son of the author. The third section is devoted to Schools of Science and Art; and the fourth to the education of girls. With many of the views which are put forward, may perhaps with most of them, we have a very imperfect sympathy; but we have never met with a work which is better calculated to bring before the mind of any one who has thought much upon education the various topics about which he ought to have his mind clearly made up. It would likewise be most unjust to deny to the author the merit of suggesting a vast number of extremely useful hints.

VIOLETS AND JONQUILS.§

THE reader naturally expects, under such a title as *Violets and Jonquils*, a sweet and tender love story, redolent of youth and spring. He will find himself mightily mistaken. Thinking to recline on a bed of spring flowers, he will discover that he is reposing on a bed of nettles, though not of the most pungent kind. The novel is of that charming species, the political—inferior in voluptuousness only to the theological—and reads like a lingering reminiscence of the political parts of *Ten Thousand a Year*. The Violets are the Blue Party, or Tories; the Jonquils are the Yellow Party, or Whigs; and there is a whole set of cognate soubriquets and witticisms such as "Yellow Land," "sailing to Yellow Land," "Yellowhammer," "azuré" views of affairs. The Tories are the incarnation of good—the Whigs are the incarnation of evil. "This, believe me," says the pattern young lady, "is the grand prevailing distinction between the conflicting parties

* *Musikalische Charakterköpfe*. Von W. H. Riehl. Zweite Auflage. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Musikalische Briefe*. Leipzig: Baunsgärtner. London: Williams and Norgate. 1852.

‡ *Geschichte der Pädagogik von Wiederaufblühen klassischer Studien bis auf unsre Zeit*. Von K. von Raumer. Dritter Theil. Dritte Auflage. Stuttgart: Liesching. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

§ *Violets and Jonquils*. London: Saunders and Otley. 1857.

of the day—between the Violet and the Jonquil—that the one desires to follow that which is good and sound, independently of its selfish policy; the other regards nothing but what is popular and conclusive (query, conducive) to the retention of office. Between these two, what honourable mind can hesitate one instant?" The Tories are represented by Mr. Philip Darcy, an entire and perfect chrysanthemum of personal and political virtue, though he does not mind taking advantage of some practices on the part of his supporters which are not conducive to political morality, or corrupting his opponent's solicitor in a law-suit. They have also Colonel Egerton, a fiery and lofty-minded veteran, the very soul of honour, who, like a Roman uncle, denounces on the hustings the electioneering iniquities of his own Whig nephew. They have all the good characters, all the best speeches, all the best boxers, and all the pretty women. The aspirant to public life is sarcastically advised to try the Jonquil side, where anything will pass muster, whereas on the Violet side there is a glut of practical ability. The chief of the Whigs is Lord Trimmington, a faint copy of the imbecile Whig earl in *Ten Thousand a Year*, who, being a lord, is allowed the merit of tolerably good intentions, but who is a miserable dupe in the hands of Yellow sycophants and knaves. As a just judgment from Heaven for adopting wrong principles in politics, his eldest son is "a moping idiot, insensible even to the taste of his food or the most palpable changes in the objects around him." His second son, the Honourable Augustus Tomnoddy—a Whig member of Parliament and place-hunter, and the rival candidate to Philip Darcy for the borough of Midhampton—is all that "lawless and uncertain thoughts" can imagine of the typical man of the wrong party in a political novel. Indeed, his intense and innate love of vileness for its own sake, and his gratuitous preference for foul means when he might gain his end by fair means, astound the author himself, who seems half incredulous of the truthfulness of his own creation. *Matremque suus conterruit infans*. The leading supporters of the Honourable Augustus are a pettifogger of uncertain profession, who lives by swindling the orphans to whom he is trustee, and a clergyman, a tutor in Lord Trimmington's family, of whom it would be too complimentary to say that he is a sneaking, lying, fawning, thievish, glutinous, and treacherous rogue. But what can you expect of a clergyman who, being, according to all just views of the Church and the clerical profession, a natural dependent and creature of the Tories, dares to turn against his employers and have an opinion of his own? A rebellious butler is not a more revolting social anomaly in the eyes of a Derbyite, than a Liberal bishop. The Yellow Committee sit sometimes in Lord Trimmington's dining-room, where they surfeit on good things, and repay their fatuous host with cringing and flattery—sometimes at the "Spotted Donkey," which they, of course, choose, as happily emblematic of their own intellect. They have one honest man among them at the outset, but he, disgusted with their meanness, their corruption, and their tyranny under the cloak of liberty, goes over in the end to the Blues, and thus entirely vindicates Providence, and makes the triumph of the good cause complete. Of course they get worsted in every encounter, personal and political, with the angels of light. We recommend all Liberals to abstain from opening this terrible book, unless they wish to be crushed to the very earth with shame. We have read nothing so withering since that great controversial novel of Mr. Sewell's, in which the political opponent of the author is gradually boiled in molten lead, and his ecclesiastical opponent eaten alive by rats till nothing is left of him but the crown of his hat.

The Greek and Roman "Jonquils" come in for a crushing *en passant*. Does the reader wish for a succinct philosophy of ancient history, which will spare him the trouble of reading and comparing Mitford, Thirlwall, Grote, Niebuhr, and Arnold?

I did, and do now think (says the author, through Mr. Darcy), that it is an inconceivable folly to go on teaching history in our schools, and yet neglect all application of it to our own times, as every man must do who combines erudition in the history and state of society in ancient Greece and Rome, with the democratic imbecility of so-called Liberal politics in the present day, seeing that the one unvarying testimony of these annals is to the effect that the people were always running their heads into every silly scrape they could find, and entangling themselves in every scheme of commingled knavery and folly that was laid before them, until some of the higher classes arose to rescue them out of their trouble, with the half-contemptuous pity with which one picks a drunken man out of a gutter, to be murdered, banished, or overwhelmed with lying calumnies for their pains.

This extract will also give the reader some taste of the author's style, which appears to have been formed on the excellent Tory model of the speeches of Lord Castlereagh. Here is another specimen:—

Now, there was Augustus Tomnoddy, born with a silver spoon, bedizened with an Earl's coronet, and the family bearings of a winged donkey soaring to the stars, well and truly within his toothless gums, the borough of Midhampton as safe a seat for him in Parliament as that wonderful baby-chair is in the nursery, with more than half England beseeching to be allowed to honour and respect him, and a certainty of succeeding in due time to an inheritance in the Yellow Canaan of office, since he belongs by birth to one of the privileged families, with the extra recommendation of running little risk of being eclipsed by his companions, who mostly stick to dulness, as schoolboys in classes sometimes do to idleness, by a mutual agreement never to exert themselves to learn, and so take a shabby advantage of the others.

If our readers happen to be travelling on the railroad, the disentangling of the grammatical construction in the last extract will afford them amusement for a stage or two.

There is a sort of plot besides the politics. Philip Darcy is in love, politically as well as amorously, with Miss Florence

Montgomery. Suddenly, a certain Pauline Krummacher, the wife of a German Liberal—who is in the habit, among other conjugal eccentricities, of throwing his bootjack at her and making her fetch it back again—claims Philip's hand, in virtue of an alleged Scotch marriage preceding her marriage with Herr Krummacher, the last-named worthy being the author of the conspiracy. This mine explodes against Philip's happiness simultaneously with Lord Knowsley's failure to form a Violet Administration, so that the good cause is then in the utmost state of depression. Ultimately, however, all ends happily. Herr Krummacher is shown up, partly through the instrumentality of Marcellus Aurantius, a noble Hungarian, who of course was on the Imperial side in the Hungarian war, and is rewarded for his services to the Violets with the hand of Miss Montgomery's friend, Miss Leila Mainwaring—a heroine of the dashing order, who charges into mobs, talks freely of kissing, chats with her lover about a duel which he is going to fight, and talks playfully of her love affairs in the witness-box, foiling an Old Bailey counsel, to the great delight of a crowded court. Lord Knowsley forms a stable Administration. Philip Darcy and his friend and comforter in his woes, Charles Burton, come in unopposed for Midhampton. Herr Krummacher murders Pauline, is taken and tried, but escapes from prison, and flies to California, where he is put to a horrid death by the Indians. The scene falls upon his dying agonies, and the moral of the tale is summed up, in default of sufficient eloquence of the author's own for that purpose, in the sentiment, "More skins of foxes than of asses find their way to the tanner's"—Herr Krummacher, we presume, meeting the fate of the fox, Philip Darcy and Lord Knowsley that of the more respectable animal.

If all the Violet ladies are like Miss Florence Montgomery, none but Violets are worthy of their hands. This young lady gives Mrs. Darcy, who takes the wrong side in the matrimonial controversy, two pages and a-half on the immeasurable difference between their families:—"The knight of whom I spoke, Mrs. Darcy, was my ancestor; the poor degraded creature who writhed at the feet of Sir Andrew Montgomery, like some wounded reptile, was the founder of your paternal house." She is great, too, in the lecture she reads to the erring Pauline, whom she assures of the hopelessness of her fall:—"Still, at the same time that I do consider the only course open to you is one of self-humiliation and atonement—or rather, extra exertion to do good—and a consciousness that painful and degrading duties are your merited portion in the great work of ameliorating society; and that it is your duty, more than that of the average run of women, to devote yourself to the useful labours of ministering to the necessities and alleviating the squalid misery and vice of the fallen, to whom you yourself have belonged as a sister, and are bound by a tie of kindred frailties—at the same time, I repeat," &c. When she despairs of marrying Philip, she determines to live unmarried, "steadily refusing to fill up with a new affection the void created by the deprivation of the indulgence of the old." And she anticipates remaining as the daughter of Mr. Montgomery, of the Manor, "in her double identity, a Sister of Charity, in all but the name and dress, to her poorer neighbours; but the haughtiest assertor of her station and character, as regards her refusal to acknowledge the claims of the *parvenu* at the Hall, that ever insisted upon the due privileges of high birth." There is a little unconscious and unintentional felicity in this portraiture of a "Sister of Charity" of the high Violet type; and, as we have heard it said that there is always something good even in the dullest novel, here, perhaps, is the one good thing in *Violets and Jonquils*.

BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC MEN.*

AFTER an interval of nearly two years, the third volume of the translation of M. Arago's works has appeared. It contains a selection of the *Eloges* which it fell to him to deliver on members of the Academy who had been contemporary with him. Prefixed to it is the well-known *History of my Youth*—an autobiography of the author. This introductory life it is needless for us to notice at length here, though it is the most amusing part of the volume, for this is not its first appearance in an English dress, as it was published some few years ago. With regard to the nine lives contained in the remaining part of the volume, the translators have assigned no reason for the selection made. Six of the names are those of Frenchmen—Baily, Laplace, Fourier, Carnot, Malus, and Fresnel; and the remaining three are our own countrymen, Sir John Herschel, Thomas Young, and James Watt—whom, in spite of M. Arago's assertion, we shall still take leave to call the inventor of the steam-engine. The subject of optics is largely represented under the heads of Malus, Fresnel, and Young, and the volume is enriched by some valuable notes, which we can scarcely be wrong in supposing to proceed from the pen of Professor Powell. Though, as the translators truly observe, M. Arago's account of the discoveries made by the distinguished subjects of his memoirs is in general extremely luminous, yet nine out of every ten readers of the work will find the notes and explanations of technical terms of great use. We wish we could speak in favourable

* Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By Francois Arago, Member of the Instituto. Translated by Admiral W. H. Smyth, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., &c., and Robert Grant, Esq., M.A., F.R.A.S. London: Longmans. 1857.

terms of the style of the translation; but we regret to say that it is so badly done in parts that we fear the popularity of the work will be considerably less than it ought to be, and than it would have been if it had been translated by persons possessing a competent knowledge of the comparative idioms of the two languages.

It is, no doubt, a difficult task to give an adequate idea of M. Arago's brilliant French by a translation into any other language, especially a language spoken by a people who have so few points of resemblance as we have with our neighbours on the other side of the Channel. We shall only say that it might have been done much better than by the present writers, who seem to have thought that an exact and literal translation was the best means of conveying the sense of the original to the mind of an English reader. Even in passages of the simplest nature, this translation exhibits French and not English expressions. We take at random, from the life of Young, the following sentence:—"Young died barely at the age of fifty-six"—meaning that he died before he was quite fifty-six years old. Perhaps one of the worst specimens of translation is the life of Herschel; but as this probably is the name which will most interest English readers, we will proceed to give some account of him and his discoveries.

Herschel affords one of the most splendid instances on record of a philosopher mastering difficulties and making his own way in science. In early life he was organist of the Octagon Chapel at Bath, having come over from Hanover and settled in England in the year 1759, at the age of twenty-one. He was the third son of an eminent musician, and appears to have inherited his father's talent; and in common with his nine brothers and sisters, had little education, except in the particular line of life to which they were devoted. His biographer asserts that all Jacob Herschel's ten children became eminent musicians. The boy's talent for mathematics seems to have been first drawn out by reading Smith's Treatise on the Theory of Music. This work implied a knowledge of algebra and geometry greater than young Herschel possessed, but which he was not long in acquiring. The accident of meeting with a telescope of about two feet focal length, which he used for observing the stars, inspired him with the desire of possessing an instrument which would enable him to see further into space, and become better acquainted with the heavenly objects. His inability to procure such a telescope, owing to the large price demanded for it, was the foundation of all his future greatness. He could not afford to buy, so he determined to make a large reflector. And the great astronomer began his splendid career with a Newtonian telescope of five feet focal length, entirely constructed by himself, at the mature age of thirty-six. It is remarkable that he was nearly forty-three years of age when he established a European reputation by his discovery, on the night of the 13th of March, 1781, of the planet which has sometimes been called the Herschel, from the name of its discoverer—sometimes the Georgium Sidus in compliment to George III., who was his patron—but which has at last, by common consent, had the name of Uranus assigned to it. No lover of science will regret this instance of the preference which the princes of the House of Hanover have shown for their own countrymen. Herschel had a residence assigned him at Slough, and a pension of three hundred guineas a year. M. Arago says that it may be confidently asserted that at the little house and garden at Slough more discoveries have been made than at any other spot on the surface of the globe. We are afraid that village will owe the fact of its name being known to future generations to other causes than that assigned by the French *savant*. "The name of that village," he says, "will never perish; science will transmit it religiously to our latest posterity."

Herschel gradually advanced from a telescope of five feet focal length to one of seven, eight, ten, twenty, and at last forty feet. Many of our readers, we may presume, are in want of the explanations which M. Arago carefully provides for his hearers. On the subject of telescopes he gives a familiar explanation of the different kinds of reflectors, omitting, however, to notice Cassegrain's. We could have wished M. Arago's description had been more full. His explanations, as far as they go, are extremely luminous, but he has unfortunately omitted to state why the image of a distant object is formed at a focus on the same side of a concave reflector as itself, and behind a convex mirror. All the reflectors in use are constructed on the principle of collecting the rays from a distant body in the focus of a concave reflector, the substance of which is usually an amalgam of copper, tin, and antimony, which admits of a high degree of polish. And the chief difficulty which presents itself is as to the means of viewing the image when formed. The observer who looks straight down into a tube, must necessarily place his head so as to intercept the light proceeding from the star or other object. Newton's mode of avoiding the difficulty was by placing in the axis of the tube a plane mirror, inclined at an angle of 45°, so as to enable the observer to view an image magnified by his eyeglass, placed in a direction at right angles to the tube. Gregory's and Cassegrain's telescopes are furnished with small mirrors, the one concave, the other convex, which catch the reflected rays and send them back to an eye-glass fitted behind the principal mirror of the telescope. Each of these instruments has its advantages as well as disadvantages. The Gregorian is that which is in most common use. Herschel's construction is superior to all these

in one respect—that, having but one mirror, there is less loss of light occasioned; but it has the serious drawback of presenting the image slightly distorted. In it the image is formed by an oblique, instead of a direct reflection; and, being thus out of the axis of the tube, the observer's head does not materially interfere with a direct view of it. Herschel's discoveries were, in most cases, made with a smaller instrument. It was the means of discovering the sixth satellite of Saturn; but the difficulty of managing so large an instrument—requiring as it did two assistants in addition to the observer himself and the person employed to note the time—prevented its being much used. The author mentions the remarkable fact of the ring and fourth satellite of Saturn having been seen with this instrument by the naked eye, without the use of any eye-piece whatever.

The name of Herschel will always be connected in the popular mind with the discovery of the planet Uranus; but his labours on the subject of variable and multiple stars are of vastly greater importance, as opening a new field of astronomy. His investigations on parallax were the means of discovering the fact of the translation of the whole solar system in space; and the immense number of observations which have been made during the last seventy years, and the calculations which have been applied to them, bring out a result differing but little from that which Herschel was enabled to pronounce upon a small number of observations. Of his indomitable perseverance we need add nothing to what the following extract from a memoir of Lalande's, printed in 1783, tells us:—

Each time that Herschel undertakes to polish a mirror of a telescope, he condemns himself to ten or twelve, or even fourteen hours' constant work. He does not quit his workshop for a minute, not even to eat; but receives from the hands of his sister that nourishment without which one could not undergo such prolonged fatigue. Nothing in the world could induce Herschel to abandon his work; for, according to him, it would be to spoil it.

We must not conclude our notice of Herschel without saying that the sister here spoken of was his constant assistant; and that her name figures in books of astronomy as the discoverer of several comets.

The next name we shall notice in this volume of biographies is that of Thomas Young—a name much less known than that of Herschel, owing to the fact of his great discovery being less appreciable by the mass of people. He is not, however, entitled to rank with Herschel, either in point of diligence or sagacity. His discovery of the principle of interference has, after all, rather the character of a fortunate accident, though fraught with an important consequence—viz., the establishing the undulatory, as opposed to the emission theory of light. Indeed the career of Young presents in most respects a remarkable contrast with that of Herschel. Born and brought up in easy, not to say affluent circumstances, brought into contact with persons of eminent literary and scientific attainments, and living almost in high society, Young, in all his pursuits, exhibits a singular combination of the ease and polish of the man of the world with the labour and research of the philosopher. At Cambridge he was a rare example of a fellow-commoner interesting himself in science, and perhaps owed his *soubriquet* of "Phenomenon Young" to this union of two generally supposed incompatible characters. Most people acquainted with his life, as written by the Dean of Ely, will sympathize with the mixed feelings with which we view the success of one whose principal aim in life was perhaps to appear a man of the world who adopted science for the amusement of his leisure hours. We say that such is the impression left by Dr. Peacock's biography of Young. No one would gather any such idea from M. Arago's account of him; and it is the great drawback to this, as it is to the other lives contained in this volume, that they have so entirely the character of panegyrics. This was perhaps scarcely avoidable under the circumstances in which they were written and delivered; but we hope we commit no breach of charity in saying that we think M. Arago would not have been inclined to pronounce any strong censure on the affectation of which we are complaining.

Young, however, possessed some very good qualities of mind, and his forbearance and modesty in the dispute with Champollion as to the discovery of the meaning of Egyptian hieroglyphics is worthy of all praise. He practised for some time in London as a physician, but never attained any particular eminence in this line—the good address and manner which usually secure the popularity of an ordinary practitioner being counterbalanced in his case, partly by a real indecision, and partly perhaps by the well-known prejudice which prevents people calling in the assistance of men distinguished in literature or science as medical advisers. There is an interesting memoir on the Theory of the Eye and its powers of adapting itself to see clearly at different distances, written by Young at a very early age, but which does not deserve being spoken of in such terms of praise as M. Arago has used. The question can certainly not yet be considered to have been settled. The translator has well observed that it is not true that physiologists have neglected the mathematical, nor mathematicians the physiological view of the subject. We regret that in another note, Professor Powell (if it be Professor Powell) should have attempted an explanation of the fact that the image which is painted on the retina in an inverted position appears to the beholder as it is in nature. No one will accuse this writer of designedly disguising a difficulty; yet we think it ought to have been more definitely expressed that the explanation, to which we make no objection, is only another mode of stating the case.

There is much in this volume to interest both scientific and unscientific readers. The mathematician will turn first to the biography of Laplace; whilst most readers will perhaps be more interested in the life of Bailly, owing to his connexion with political affairs in France at the end of the last century. The man of practical science will of course choose the life of Watt; but there is not one of the series of biographies that may not be read, at least in part, by any reader of common intelligence, whilst minds of the highest cultivation may derive both amusement and profit from their perusal.

MR. ALEXANDER SMITH'S CITY POEMS.*

IT certainly was an egregious mistake ever to take Mr. Alexander Smith for a child of nature or an original poet. He has been a great student of poetry, and he is a great imitator and a considerable borrower—though not a borrower to the fatal extent which some critics, a little carried away, perhaps, by the pleasure of detection, would represent. Above all, he is a most palpable imitator of Tennyson, from whom he takes his whole style and tone of versification and composition, as well as the general form of his idyllic poems. Clearly enough, it is mainly from reading Tennyson, with a somewhat kindred temperament, that he has been led to become a poet. He shows himself to us in his poems as sensitive and melancholy—keenly alive to, and almost absolutely dominated by, the impressions of external circumstances and objects—given to pampering rather than to controlling his own sensations, with a mind wholly and constantly turned inward on itself, and therefore utterly destitute of creative and dramatic power. The unhappy star of "The Crown" in "Horton," and the jilted, bereaved, and desolate factory boy in "A Boy's Poem," are entirely without any real life or colouring of their own. Like the hero, or rather the anti-hero of "A Life Drama," they are mere expressions, under a nominally dramatic form, of the writer's own feelings and impressions—not necessarily egotistic, because people often project themselves into their own conceptions and theories without intending or knowing it, but essentially undramatic, or, to speak more appropriately, unidyllic. The only poem of any length in the book, besides "Horton" and "A Boy's Poem," is "Squire Maurice," which is a mere description of the debate in the mind of a man who doubts whether he shall sacrifice his position in society by marrying a peasant girl. Of any power, therefore, beyond that of expressing his own peculiar feelings and impressions, Mr. Alexander Smith has, so far, given no evidence; and in the expression of them he is a most palpable imitator of Tennyson.

Of course an imitator must at once be placed far below the object of his imitation, but he need not at once be condemned as worthless, much less punished as an aggressor. The genius of Tennyson has discovered and wrought to perfection a most exquisite and luxurious medium for the expression of a sensitive, impressible, and melancholy mind. Mr. Alexander Smith, craving to give expression to the thoughts and feelings of a mind of this class, grasps at the medium thus prepared for him. But the thoughts and feelings which he embodies in his poems are genuine and his own—the natural offspring of his temperament, as depicted in "A Life Drama," and of his circumstances as the child and inhabitant of a great manufacturing town. Glasgow, with the sea and mountains near it, and the sensations, impressions, and aspirations of a single heart and mind—that, no doubt, is his range. But within that range, though he does not excite our reverence or our passionate admiration—though he does not produce any deep effect either on our mind or heart, yet his poems seem to us not devoid of beauty or of interest. The austere guardians of Tennyson's fame, therefore, need not be in officious haste to cast the pretender out of the sanctuary. Let them rather acknowledge the homage paid to the singular adaptation of Tennyson's poetry to certain temperaments, and at the same time its tendency to pamper the morbid tendencies of such temperaments rather than to cure them.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Alexander Smith approaches his master in that power of intellect or that culture which has made Tennyson emphatically the poet of men of intellect in his day. Nor has he as yet shown anything like the depth of feeling which produced *In Memoriam*. The things in which, by the help of Tennyson's great teaching, he does approach Tennyson, are condensation and beauty of language, melody of versification, and lascivious description of external objects, and the sensations which they excite; and these are not things which can be copied by a monkey, or to which any teacher, however great, can help an intellectual paralytic. Look at the opening pages of "Squire Maurice," and the commencement of Part II. of "A Boy's Poem." Look at the picture of a happy heart in page 141, and of misery and horror in page 73. These are mere details, it is true, as compared with a whole poem, but they possess a complete and independent beauty of their own, and are proofs of no inconsiderable power. We could also quote passages showing great play of fancy in the limited sense of the term, such as the description of a fire in page 4, and 6; Horton's conversational powers in page 18. Nor would instances be wanting of true sentiment tersely and tenderly expressed. These things do not make a poet, but they prove the possession of certain poetical gifts and acquirements which, in a

young writer, as Mr. Alexander Smith still is, may be turned to better account hereafter.

We will give, in justification of our remarks, part of the passage from "A Boy's Poem," to which we have alluded:—

The morn rose blue and glorious o'er the world;
The steamer left the black and cozy wharves,
And floated down between dark ranks of masts.
We heard the swarming streets, the noisy mills;
Saw sooty foundries full of glare and gloom,
Great belled chimneys tipped by tongues of flame,
Quiver in smoky heat. We slowly passed
Loud building-yards, where every ship contained
A mighty vessel with a hundred men
Battering its iron sides. A cheer! a ship
In a gay flutter of innumerable flags
Slid gaily to her home. At length the stream
Broadened 'twixt banks of daisies, and afar
The shadows flung upon the sunny hills;
And down the river, 'gainst the pale blue sky,
A town sat in its smoke. Look backward now!
Distance has stilled three hundred thousand hearts,
Drowned the loud roar of commerce, changed the broad
Metropolis which turns all things to gold,
To a thick vapour o'er which stands a staff
With smoky pennon streaming on the air.
Blotting the azure too, we floated on,
Leaving a long and weltering wake behind.
And now the grand and solitary hills
That never knew the toil and stress of man,
Dappled with sun and cloud, rose far away.
My heart stood up to greet the distant land
Within the hollows of whose mountain lochs
Moans in their restless sleep; around whose peaks,
And craggy islands ever dim with rain,
The lonely eagle flies. The ample stream
Widened into a sea. The boundless day
Was full of sunshine and divinest light,
And far above the region of the wind
The barred and rippled cirrus slept serene,
With combed and winnowed streaks of faintest cloud
Melting into the blue.

We have admitted that there is some truth in the charge of plagiarism, and at the same time expressed our belief that it has been exaggerated. Mr. Smith's head is full of the poets whom he has studied; and appropriations of their phrases, their cadences, even their thoughts and images, occur almost in every page. But we think the charitable reader will agree with us, that they are unconscious appropriations, and not thefts, and that they are really made a part of the borrower's mind; so that they do not constitute a case of felony, or a damning evidence of weakness. Great allowance must be made in this respect for an author whose intellectual world, owing to his circumstances, has necessarily been almost exclusively a world of books. As to the borrowing of the general form of "Horton" and "A Boy's Poem," which is obviously taken from Tennyson's Idylls, we are disposed to be very unscrupulous. What, for instance, has all dramatic poetry been but a borrowing of the form of the first dramatist? The first inventor is sure to get the glory, and poets are not patentees.

It cannot be denied that this volume of poems is a great improvement on the first, though the merits of the two have been somewhat hastily confounded. The extravagances of diction, and what is still more important, the coarsenesses and pruriences of thought, have been, to a great extent, chastened and removed. In the present volume we have no attempts to reach the sublime by the use of unheard-of expressions—no young ladies ruined by interesting men of genius—no screaming for charges of ten thousand horse, or for somebody to gouge as a remedy for a melancholy individual's megrims—no threats to curse God and die, if you cannot be miraculously enabled to make a sensation in the world. There are still some ideas rather appropriate to the society of "The Crown." There are still extravagances of metaphor, such as "charitable snow cooling a hot volcano's lip"—"the hurt and wounded sea moaning round selfish shores"—"living rocks (in a railway cutting), adown whose maimed and patient faces tears trickle for ever." There are still weaknesses of self-repetition, as in the perpetual recurrence of imagery derived from the sea, and the duplicate passages (pp. 6, 144) about "glimmering" sycamores, with their leaves full of murmuring bees. And there is still an overloading of imagery, introduced for its own sake, and not to illustrate the main idea, as in "possessed of broader lands than the great rain-cloud trailing from the fens can blacken with his shadow"—where the words are good, but the mind, instead of being helped to conceive the size of the estate, is set painfully thinking how large the shadow of a rain-cloud trailing from the fens may be. Still, we repeat, there is a most decided improvement, which is always full of hope.

It may seem a platitude to give advice to a poet. It certainly is so, if a poet is a monomaniac whose calling it is to cultivate and exhibit his monomania for the amusement of mankind. But not believing this to be the case—believing, on the contrary, that nothing great comes out of littleness and weakness in poetry, any more than other things—we recommend Mr. Alexander Smith to study the lives and sorrows of other people, and try whether he cannot find in them some congenial subject for his verse. He says "he knows the tragic heart of towns." The outward sights of town life, and the impressions those sights make on a melancholy nature, he certainly knows, and can express them well, as he has done in the short poem called "Glasgow," which in itself would almost justify his appear-

* City Poems. By Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life Drama, and other Poems." See edit. 1857. In about edition, price 6d. and 10d. on sale.

ance as a writer of poetry. But surely he must also know some moving tales and incidents of that "tragic heart" which might carry him out of himself, and enable him to produce poems of that kind at which he evidently aims, but which, till he has burst the circle of his own circumstances and feelings, will still remain beyond his reach. He need not imagine that mere impressions and sensations never can be wrought into an interesting whole. At the same time, perhaps reading and intercourse with other minds will clear and enlarge his view of the world, and make him master of influences which now have entire mastery over him. Let him pursue his calling, mindful that it is a high and laborious calling, not an easy and quick road to fame for those who cannot face the difficulties of other paths. We shall look with interest, and not without hope, for the appearance of his next volume.

MORAL CULTURE OF ANTIQUITY.*

WE some time since called attention to the remarkable work before us. Let us frankly state, at the outset of the present more extended notice, that we shall not attempt to review it. A meagre analysis of its contents would be useless—a full and complete analysis would be impossible within our limits. The general nature of those contents may be easily inferred from the title. The author takes a survey of the philosophy, moral and social, of classical antiquity, from Pythagoras to Proclus, and thence draws his conclusions as to the nature and extent of the progress achieved by humanity at different stages of civilization. In every case he is careful to go for his information to the fountain-head. He is not, as old Wotton quaintly says, a mere "gatherer of other men's stuff," and among the claims which secured to him the honourable suffrages of the Academy (for, as the reader has already been told, this work was, in substance, a *Mémoire Couronné*), we can easily believe that his independent spirit of research held a chief place. As one of the most conspicuous merits of the book, we may mention the author's general picture of the moral, social, and religious condition of the world at the advent, and throughout the progress, of the Roman Empire. On the other hand, the too apologetic tone in which he speaks of the Sophists, the too political character he assigns to the teaching of Socrates, and the somewhat visionary schemes in the same direction which he fathers upon Aristotle, are blemishes on which we might be disposed to animadvert severely if the author had not gone far to redeem them by some brilliant inconsistencies.

We content ourselves with this cursory notice of sundry details in the execution, because we wish to address ourselves to the kernel of the work, and to the spirit in which it is written. As the author gives us to understand that this book is but the prelude to deeper, if not more voluminous disquisitions, in which his general principles will be more prominently developed, it may be well to examine somewhat narrowly the foundations on which he builds. The reader will thus be better qualified to appreciate both the merits and defects of these volumes in detail, and to accompany the author in such lines of inquiry as he may open out in subsequent publications.

That he has had present to his mind, and uppermost in his thoughts, a certain leading idea, around which he might group all the facts amassed in the course of his inquiries, and to which all those facts were in his estimation subordinate, we infer from sundry expressions in his preface. He there records his adhesion to the "doctrine of the eighteenth century," that the moral truths essential to the life of humanity are the peculiar appanage of no people, country, or individual. He states, as the result of his investigations in the original texts of classical antiquity, that the ancients, in heart and conscience, were fashioned like ourselves—that in the moral, as in the physical world, the order of progress is never disturbed by sudden starts and bounds—that everything is reducible to transformation and development in an ascending series, of which it is "impossible to foretell the extreme limit." He adds, with somewhat childish petulance, that he is aware he may have given a shock to certain susceptibilities and prejudices, but that it is no fault of his if a class of ideas and sentiments, the possession of which is not ordinarily conceded to the heathen world—M. Denis forgets how limited is the number to whom the concession can be made—had the impertinence to show themselves some centuries too soon for the peace of mind of jealous system-makers. After a short digression, he recurs to this subject in more definite terms, and apologizes for not having stated more explicitly his views on the influence of ancient philosophy on the rise and progress of Christian ethics. "On s'apercevra facilement qu'elle a été toujours présente à mon esprit." The reasons he gives for this reticence, so far as we can understand them, are more creditable to his prudence than to his manliness of character. He alludes somewhat mysteriously—and we trust we have not interpreted the enigma to his hurt—to his not being in a sufficiently independent position to speak out on the topic of the connexion of heathen with Christian ethics, and expresses a hope that he may one day be able to reconcile freedom of speech with personal considerations.

From the hints thus dropped by our author we have no difficulty in conjecturing what are the perplexities by which he is

haunted, and the problems with which he desires to grapple. When looked at in their most general aspect, they may be said to involve the relation of all uncovenanted to covenanted dispensations—of the Gentile to the Jewish and Christian worlds. And while this relation is in itself a matter of incalculable interest, scarcely less interesting is the consideration of the various uses to which it has been applied by Christian apologists on the one hand, and the assailants of Christianity on the other. It was only what we might *a priori* have expected, that in the early dawn of the Christian dispensation, while error and superstition still lay skulking in the fastnesses of heathendom, the ears of the primitive Fathers would be keenly and morbidly open to the faintest whisper of a consonance between the tenets of the ancient philosophy and the doctrines of the new religion. And these expectations are not deceived as we turn over the pages of the apologists of Christianity. "Not that Plato teaches one thing and Christ another"—such, in express terms, is the language of Justin Martyr. "The older Platonists needed only to have changed a few words and phrases to have gained admission within the pale of Christianity"—such is the no less explicit language of Saint Augustine. In keeping with such phrases is the familiar designation of Plato as "an atticing Moses," and of Socrates as "a type of Christ." The position thus taken up by the early Fathers was in itself indefensible, but, considering the exigencies of their situation, it was both natural and intelligible. In their anxiety to prevail on the heathen world to enter the Christian temple, they strove to convince it that it was already loitering in the porch. Having themselves, in many cases, been largely imbued, before their conversion, with the tenets of ancient philosophy, they were sedulous in separating the gold from the dross—putting the one in vessels to be kept, and casting the other away. If the great Apostle of the Gentiles himself had not hesitated to take occasion from the worship of the unknown and false God, to disseminate the worship of the known and the true, how could they bring themselves to look upon that as a withered tree upon which St. Paul had grafted the Christian vine? It may be doubted whether the course of argument pursued with such unguarded zeal by the early apologists of Christianity was not prompted by an imperfect apprehension of the general economy of truth, and of the real points at issue. Certain it is that this tendency to Christianize heathendom was soon followed by a tendency to heathenize Christianity. The guesses at truth, it was contended, in which Plato and his compatriots had indulged, had so often hit the mark that it was needless to guess again. The ample wisdom, lofty aspirations, and piercing gaze of heathen sages had left little or nothing for Revelation to reveal. The flimsy sophistries of Celsus, the cold sarcasm of Gibbon, the clumsy pedantry of Pfanner and Huet, the speculative inquiries of Herbert of Cherbury, and the overt scurrility of the English Deist when he styled his work *Christianity as old as the Creation*—all these indicate different phases of a tendency, either latent or avowed, to rob Christianity of all significance by the shallow misuse of some showy maxims in the pages of heathen writers. We fear that our author has found it necessary to place a strong check upon his pen, in order to suppress the manifestation of leanings in a similar direction.

This misconception of religions anterior to Christ, as a substitute for Christianity—this legalizing of a false coin which was indebted for its currency to the existence of the true—brought on reaction, less dangerous, perhaps, in its results to the faith of the ignorant and unwary, but far more childish and narrow in the motives from which it sprung. We allude to that petty carping jealousy with which the noblest deeds that we're wrought, and the fairest sayings that were uttered, *ante Christum*, are wilfully tinged with a character *anti-Christian*. Some popular preachers love to paint in unredeemed blackness the worthiest admirations of Christian truth achieved by the wisest heathen sages; and in those intellectual luminaries, such as a Plato and a Cicero, who lighted the path by which St. Augustine (*habemus confitentem*) reached the Cross, they refuse to recognise any glimmering of a Divine light. Nothing can at bottom be more unchristian than this practice of scouting as unclean all the religious longings and ethical teachings of classical antiquity. That it betrays the greatest ignorance, no reader of the *Histoire* before us can doubt. But it is not merely on the question of fact that we dissent from the fluent declaimers against heathen antiquity. We hold their position to be vicious in principle, and, we repeat it, thoroughly unchristian in tendency—just as if the desire which Christianity came to satisfy had not been the "desire of all nations"—just as if the yearnings it came to fulfil had not been fermenting in the mind of Gentile as well as of Jew through many a century of anxious expectation.

We think it may be shown that some middle position is tenable between the too easy credulity of the Fathers (so fatally perverted by the assailants of Christianity) and the peevish malignity of later days; for, as regards the former, much of the credit too hastily conceded to the heathen world for its defective morality arises from an error in perspective—a kind of optical illusion of the mental vision. To us, who have ever been familiar with notions for which we are indebted exclusively to revelation, is given that knowledge of the complete economy of truth which was vainly sought after by the philosophers of heathendom. The incoherent aphorisms, however excellent in themselves, which lie scattered up and down the pages of the

* *Histoire des Théories et des Idées Morales dans l'Antiquité*. Par J. Denis, Ancien Élève de l'École Normale. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut, 2 vols. Paris: Durand.

Greek and Latin classics, were destitute of that organic connexion which alone could have raised them to the force of a moral law, binding on all mankind. Even Justin Martyr complains that the teaching of Plato "is not all of a piece;" and Lactantius has shown, with singular force and discrimination, how the want of that mutual dependence and consistency so essential to the idea of a complete scheme, rendered barren, for all practical purposes of social reformation, the loftiest efforts of the best and wisest heathen, and separated by an impassable gulf the teaching of philosophy from the teaching of Christianity. To use a simile which has passed into general circulation from the pages of Clement, the heathen philosophers were as they who tore in pieces the body of Pentheus—each got a limb, a fragment of the truth, but the entire body was the portion of none. With all the art which M. Denis has very properly displayed in grouping together the truths set forth by particular schools and teachers, so as to form a system "all square," and perfect in all its parts, we cannot but feel that we have before us a heap of broken mirrors which give but fragmentary glimpses of truth and beauty. Nor is this all. While the several parts of morality were thus wanting in that union which alone could give them force and significance, they were equally wanting in cohesion with religion. As a striking instance of this, our readers may remember that the avowed object of a Platonic dialogue is to exhibit the discordance between the principles of a sound morality and the tenets of the national faith. On the other hand, one of the strongest testimonies to the divine origin of both the covenanted dispensations consists in the fact that in the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel, the priest and the philosopher have met together—religion and morality have kissed each other. Such are some of the reasons which, if we care to preserve unimpaired the essential idea of a Revelation, should make us hesitate ere we fall into a strain of unreasonable exultation at meeting with Christian precepts in the pages of heathen writers. But while we thus refuse to let go the fact that the Jewish dispensation is the only positive *παντογενής Χριστός*, let us fully concede that the moral teachings of the uncovenanted dispensations anterior to Christ were a negative preparation for the same end. It is but a sorry compliment to the Bible to betray such timorous apprehensions lest its precepts should meet with corroboration from the morality of uninspired teaching. By denying and decrying the propaedeutic agency of the moral culture of antiquity, we ignore the evidence of history, and render a very equivocal service to Christianity. No one can contemplate the graphic picture given in the volumes before us of the moral, social, and religious condition of the Greco-Roman world immediately anterior to the advent of Christianity, without seeing how that world had ended by condemning itself—how universal doubt had taken possession of the minds of men—how providentially, in short, the world had been trained to hail in the promises of the Gospel a sure refuge from despair. The very existence and currency of two such languages as Greek and Latin, endowed with vocabularies amply adapted to the expression of the loftiest aspirations and the closest reasoning on the most momentous subjects, were of themselves most powerful agents in the diffusion of Christianity to the ends of the world. And how, we ask, had these languages been thus lavishly fed, save from the stores of heathen philosophy, eloquence, and verse? Surely it is nothing short of fatuity to suppose that we can enhance the qualities of the seed by idle invectives against the quality of the soil.

It has been our object in the above remarks to indicate the general conditions of thought under which the reader should approach the perusal of these volumes. When the Memoir was submitted to the Academy, the long *Rapport* of which it was the object was drawn up by a Jew—a circumstance somewhat to be regretted, if it contributed to the entire suppression of all that class of reflections which we have now submitted to the reader. Moreover, both the work itself and the remarks which it has here suggested bear a secondary import, on which it may not be amiss to say a few words. If the upholders of classical studies are desirous of making good their case by some more cogent argument than mere conformity to custom, they will do well to consider whether the (negatively) propaedeutic character of heathen life and literature, which has here been insisted on, may not stand them in good stead. Irrespective of the more practical and obvious advantages of classical studies as a training for the faculties of the boy, we hold it to be a grave error not to give a prominent place to the great moral gain which those studies may be made to yield, from their relation to the inner life of the Christian man. Olympus rests on the same earth, and points to the same heaven, as Calvary and Sinai. The heathen Eros and the Christian Psyche have long since made their peace—why revive their bickerings, and drive them again to live in unhallowed estrangement? One of the most attractive features of the volumes before us is, that they bring home to every impartial mind a strong and lively conviction of the closeness and reality of that connexion which links the heathen to the Christian world. We rise from their perusal with a deeper and larger sense of the inestimable benefits which Christianity has conferred, and with the firm persuasion that it is no blind chance which has assigned to the authors of classical antiquity a foremost place among the educational instruments of Christian civilization; and on these grounds we feel amply justified in affirming that M. Denis has not only deserved well of the republic of letters, but has furnished a valuable contribution to the institutes and evidences of Christianity.

HISTORY OF ST. CANICE CATHEDRAL.

AMONG the thousand-and-one grotesque anomalies which have made Ireland the ne'er-do-well of its family circle, none has perhaps been heretofore more remarkable than the fact that, among a people pre-eminently traditional, genealogical, and clannish, the study of antiquities, properly so called, was, till a very recent day, utterly unknown. The documentary antiquaries, the Wadings and the Wares, had died away—not that they had ever gained an influence beyond the literary few—and the monumental school, which elsewhere grew up in their place, was not to be found. No doubt a few historical characters retained a certain hazy reputation in the general mouth—Brian Boru, for instance, and Cromwell; while the Protestant and the Romanist ideals of St. Patrick respectively filled the canvas of rival polemics. But the living legacies of past ages, the ruins of pagan and of Christian Ireland—looked upon by one class with a stupid indifference, and by another with extravagant credulity—were daily perishing under the combined destructiveness of time and weather, of landlord, middleman, and peasant, undepicted, undescribed, and unregretted, except it might be, by some solitary, crotchety, and extravagant Ledwy or Vallancey. The end of the old, and the commencement of the new, state of things may be traced to a period little more than twenty years since, when the Royal Irish Academy was tempted to offer a prize for the ablest essay on those hitherto undeciphered mysteries—the Round Towers. The promised prize was carried off by Mr. Petrie, and the Academy, in its exuberant good nature, gave a second to Mr. H. O'Brien. That unhappy enthusiast published post-haste his half-crazy rhapsody, in which a theory of the origin of those towers, connecting them with the grossest symbol of pagan worship, was engraven upon a new system of Christo-Buddhist Hibernian religion of his own invention—the whole heralded by a preface, in which, of course, he proved himself the most ill-used of mortals, because he had lost the first prize. A short time afterwards, he perished by his own hands. Mr. Petrie, on the contrary, after a silence of many years, brought out the first part, greatly enlarged, of his essay, with the still unfulfilled promise of a sequel; and in it he at once and for ever set at rest the question, with an abundance and clearness of proof which made it incredible that there ever could have been two opinions on the matter. In his pages these mystic towers stand out as the erection of historic and Christian days, being neither more nor less than the steeples and belfries of the rude early monasteries and cathedrals of Ireland, built between its conversion and the English conquest. Many of their accompanying buildings still exist in ruins, adjacent to the towers themselves, while others have given place to the more imposing fane of the Anglo-Hibernian régime, without having involved the destruction of these venerable adjuncts. The path thus brilliantly opened out has been followed up by such men as Todd, Currey, O'Donovan, Wakeman, &c., while the Museum of the Irish Academy now contains a collection of national antiquities whose value is augmented by the careful and intelligent attention which they receive from their curators.

A fresh contribution of considerable value to the scientific archaeology of Ireland has just made its appearance in the very handsome quarto devoted by Messrs. Graves and Prim. to the history of St. Canice Cathedral, in the city of Kilkenny. To the intelligent tourists who derive their notions of Cathedrals from Prout's Sketches and Murray's Handbooks, we have little doubt that the mother Church of the diocese of Ossory would appear a very homely affair, and utterly unworthy of so lengthy a description. But the architectural student will view with very different eyes a building in which, although the altitude is incon siderable (the triforium, for example, being absent), and statuary wholly deficient, yet the most graceful details of the First Pointed style of the Thirteenth century—rather inappropriately termed Early English by our writers—have been carried out in a church covering the respectable ground area of more than 200 feet in length, with proportionate width, and distributed into the usual features of a cruciform church of its dignity. Moreover, the presence of a round tower in immediate proximity to the South transept, recalls days long anterior to the introduction of the pointed arch, and stamps the group with the impress of nationality. The quiet churchyard, with its old-fashioned lime-trees, although perhaps recalling rather the place of parochial worship than the mother church of a diocese, still presents an aspect of neatness and of archaic repose, refreshing in its contrast to the dirt and the noise of those populous lanes which straggle up the hill which St. Canice crowns. Happy would it be if the denizens of those lanes could have looked up to that grey minster as the seat of their accustomed devotions. Happy would it have been if the selfish policy of the Tudors had not preferred the chance of political advantage to the certainties of religious duty, and forbidden the translation of the Reformed Prayer-book into Irish at the very time when a similar condescension toward Welsh nationality was fostered and commanded. The title of the diocese of which St. Canice is the cathedral is still territorial, contrary to the ancient practice of Christendom outside of Celtic lands. The chain of Bishops of Ossory mounts into blank dirt antiquity, when the work of

Octavius was still existing, and Augusti still reigned in Rome. Kieran, indeed, the canonized founder of the see, is by many trustworthy authorities supposed to have been rather anterior even to St. Patrick, and to have found his cell at Saghir (in King's County) about 402, from which he evangelized the rude tribes of Ossory. A century and half later, Cainneach or Canice, the friend of the illustrious Columba or Columbkille, founded a monastery at Aghabo (in the Queen's County) apparently upon the model of the mother house of Iona, which soon supplanted Saghir as the centre of Christianity to the kingdom of Ossory; and it is noted that Aghabo enjoyed an unwonted term of peace for three centuries and a half, until it was in 913 ravaged by the Danes. Twice subsequently rebuilt, the chancel of the monastic church, last erected in 1234, continued in existence till, about thirty years ago, it paid the penalty of being old, curious, and graceful, and was supplanted by what our writers describe as an "unsightly modern structure."

When or how the more recent city of Kilkenny (*i.e.*, church of Canice) rose, history does not say. That its origin must have been anterior to the days of Strongbow is self-evident from the silent testimony of the round tower; but this does not lead us very far on our inquiry, for, "judging from the style of its masonry, and the total absence of ornament in its constructive features, the round tower of St. Canice may have been erected in the lifetime of that saint, or at any time from that period to the end of the tenth century." That the church, however, was rebuilt in the eleventh century, is shown by the fragment of a moulded base of that date, which some excavations accidentally unmasked some few years since.

The last years of the twelfth century saw the erection of Kilkenny Castle by Strongbow's son-in-law and successor, William, Earl Mareschal, by birth Earl of Pembroke, and Lord of Leinster in right of his wife. This potentate would of course but little approve of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of his fief being seated in the fastnesses of Upper Ossory under the protection of the still unsubjugated house of Macgilliphaidraig; and he accordingly took measures to procure the election in 1202, on the death of the last Celtic prelate, of Hugh de Rous, an Augustinian canon, as "Primus Anglicus Episcopus Ossoriensis." Earl William cleverly accompanied the proceeding by giving the new bishop rich and quiet estates under his own sway, in exchange for those see-lands in Upper Ossory which, in the hands of a secular lord, would form so convenient an outpost in the enemy's territory. Thus began the existence of Kilkenny as an episcopal city, in the very century when the pointed arch had established its undoubted supremacy as the note of the architecture, civil as well as religious, of all Western Europe. Into the architectural history of the actual structure erected at this felicitous epoch we shall not enter. Happily, the Church of St. Canice, more fortunate than many of its sisters, has, in the main, preserved its ancient details through ages of barbarous neglect and almost as barbarous restoration. It escaped alike the sixteenth century, when the patriot chief of the insurgent Irish burnt all that was inflammable of Armagh Cathedral—in the charitable hope of consuming the Primate in the conflagration—and the eighteenth, when Archbishop Price reduced the venerable Church of Cashell, magnificently planted on a rock, to a crumbling ruin, because he could not drive up to its door in the archiepiscopal coach, St. Canice did not, of course, pass quite unscathed. The well-known fanatic, John Bale, was its first reformed bishop; and, after a brief restoration, in Charles the First's reign, of the Roman worship, the roofs were destroyed by Cromwell's troopers; but Williams, who succeeded as bishop at the Restoration, reinstated them, although he could not replace the painted windows of the choir, which had so struck the Papal legate a few years before that he offered 700*l.* to allow him to take them to Italy. A century later Bishop Poococke, better known as an Oriental traveller than a prelate, showed more zeal than architectural knowledge, in giving the choir its present substantial but incongruous fittings. The actual Dean, Dr. Vignolles, has done what he could, by needful repairs and by such ameliorations as clearing the whitewash off the marble pillars of the nave, to preserve the building intact to his successors. Funds, however, are wanting for a more complete restoration such as the dignity and the beauty of the Church demand, and of which Ireland already affords a signal example in the Cathedral of Armagh, splendidly reinstated in days when Church restoration was even in England a rarity, at the expense of tens of thousands, the largest proportion of which came out of the private pocket of the present Primate. That any equally good future is in store for Kilkenny Cathedral is hardly to be expected. But, at least, we trust that the present volume may raise sufficient intelligent interest in its fate, to pave the way for a rearrangement of the choir upon a good architectural type. We hope that, at all events, the church may be preserved from falling into the hands of that tyrannical and ignorant Camarilla, the Irish Ecclesiastical Commissioners—a body created under the Church Temporalities Act, and charged with most of the church building and church mending of Ireland, and whose misdeeds, in the mutilation of old churches, and in the construction of modern monstrosities, deserve the strongest language which a Freeman, a Ruskin, or a Beckett Denison can evolve to crush an architectural foe.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with matters of local interest—viz., biographical notices of the dead, illus-

trious or otherwise, interred within the walls of St. Canice. We have no right, of course, to complain of this—nothing could be a more fatal principle to establish for antiquarian monographs (monograms, we suppose, we shall be told to call them), than that they should be composed purely for the entertainment of the general million. There are many details connected with the history of a church, a house, a town, or a district, which may be very dull to the stranger, but which, in their aggregate, are essential to maintain that consciousness of times gone by, the loss of which would reduce mankind to the condition of children or savages, without an aim for the future, from wanting any measure of the past. Upon the whole, the publication is very creditable to Messrs. Graves and Prim, while its typographical execution reflects honour on the University Press of Dublin. The woodcuts, by Messrs. Oldham and Hanlon, are especially deserving of commendation. We are glad to see the promise of a History of the See of Ossory, by the same authors.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.*

THERE is much truth in the accusation which is brought by the authors of this work against the English and North American public. We all know too little of the great Empire of Brazil. It will not be the fault of Mr. Fletcher, or of his colleague, if we remain long unenlightened. Their book, although occasionally a little prolix, is a very useful one, full of information, and sufficiently interesting. It contains some 600 pages, which fall into two nearly equal divisions, the first of which is a minute account of the outer and inner life of Rio Janeiro, with observations upon the Brazilian Constitution and the working of the State-machine. The second is a description of the outlying provinces, including, amongst other things, many details as to their natural history.

The impression with regard to Brazil which this work leaves upon the mind is an exceedingly pleasant one. We are led to think of it as a country not only abounding in beauty and full of everything calculated to interest the naturalist, but possessing elements of prosperity which are too often denied to regions on which the "fatal dower" has been poured in fullest measure. It is satisfactory, therefore, to find that is far from difficult to reach this favoured district:—

I have sailed [says Mr. Fletcher] upon many seas, but I know of no voyage which, all things considered, is comparable to that from Rio Janeiro to England. We are out of sight of land but six days at the longest stretch, (from Pernambuco to the Cape de Verds); while the average number of days at sea without stopping are two and a half. From Rio to Bahia there are but three days' steaming over summer waters; and the ten or twelve hours at the second city of the empire gives plenty of time for refreshing promenades or rides into the country. In less than two days we land at Pernambuco, where we spend from twelve to twenty hours, lay in a stock of fine oranges and pineapples (capital anti-nauseatics), and perhaps purchase a few screaming parrots or chattering monkeys to present to our European friends. We then steam for St. Vincent (Cape de Verds), where we remain a few hours, and, next steering northward, in forty-eight hours we behold, one hundred and fifty miles at sea, the tall Peak of Teneriffe, lifting itself more than thirteen thousand feet from the bosom of the ocean. Here we revel in peaches, pears, figs, and luscious clusters of grapes—in short, all the fruits of the temperate zone. We pass through the Canaries, and in thirty hours are at Funchal, where the fruit-dose is repeated; a walk upon the shore (if health-bill clean) is permitted, and, after being bored a few hours by the peddlars and grape-vendors, we bid farewell to picturesque Madeira, and, at the end of three days, sail up the mouth of the Tagus, and anchor before Lisbon. When we leave Portugal, we steam along its coast and that of Spain, and in three days we land at Southampton. No such steamer-voyage exists in the world; and those who are in quest of the new, the strange, and the beautiful, can nowhere so easily and so cheaply gratify their wishes in those respects as by the trip from Southampton to Rio, or vice versa.

Happy they who are able to take this advice, and to glide, in a few weeks, after having read Mr. Fletcher's work, through the narrow ocean-portal which Martin de Souza passed in January, 1651, entering those "hidden waters," the Netherarchy of the Indian tribes, to which he—he supposing that he had found a rival to the Amazon and the Orinoco—gave the name of Rio de Janeiro. But why dwell on the beauty of a spot whose fame is known in all lands? Those who wish to do so will find page after page of rapturous and very tolerable description in the volumes under review. Many to whom these praises will be no novelty will read with interest the account which is given in the third chapter of the colony of Huguenots which settled on an island in the bay of Rio, "nearly threescore years and ten before a pilgrim placed his foot on Plymouth rock, and more than half a century before the Book of Common Prayer was borne to the banks of the James River." The story of this little company is a sad one. Their leader, Villegagnon, turned traitor, and they were eventually subdued or driven out by the Portuguese, who loved interlopers in the Brazilian trade as little as they did heretics.

Seven chapters out of the first half of this book are occupied by a minute description of the Brazilian capital, its streets and buildings, its festivals and religious institutions, its beggars and slaves, its homes and its schools, with an infinite variety of other matters of more or less importance, but all tending to give vividness to the picture which Mr. Fletcher has tried to set before us. The multiplicity of the matters treated, is however so great as to defy analysis, and we have room for only one extract:—

In Brazil, all veneration is taken away by the familiarity of the most sacred things of our holy religion. At Bahia I learned, through a number of

* *Brazil and the Brazilians: Portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches.* By Rev. D. Kidder and Rev. J. Fletcher. Philadelphia: Childs, London: Trübner.*

Roman Catholic gentlemen, of an occurrence which took place, in 1853, in the province of Sergipe del Rey. It was at a festival, and there was to be a powerful sermon preached on the crucifixion. A civilized Indian, by the promise of "mucho cachaca" (plenty of rum), consented to personify our Saviour on the cross. His position was a trying one, and at the foot of the crucifix stood a bucket filled with rum, in which was a sponge attached to a long reed. The individual whose duty it was to refresh the caboclo forgot his office, while carried away by the florid eloquence of the padre. The Indian, however, did not forget his contract, and, to the astonishment as well as amusement of the audience, shouted out, "O Senhor Judeo, Senhor Judeo, mas fel!" (O Mr. Jew, Mr. Jew, a little more gall!)

The wonderful mingling of the sacred and profane, which is not uncommon in any part of the Roman Catholic world, seems to attain its maximum in Brazil. The spirit of the whole religion of the empire seems fairly given in the words which we once saw inscribed over a small jeweller's shop in Lyons:—"Bijouterie fausse et articles de devotion!"

The narrative of the events which preceded and accompanied the declaration of Brazilian independence will be read with interest, for although they are of recent occurrence, most people, we suspect, have but a very imperfect knowledge of them. There are several rather striking episodes in this story. One of them is the last interview of John VI. and his son, when the old king pressed Pedro to his bosom, and advised him, when he saw Brazil about to separate from Portugal, to anticipate any military adventurer, and to place the crown on his own head. Another, is the last imperial act of Pedro himself, in 1831, when, after long resisting the demands of the people for a change of ministry, he sat down, and wrote—"Availing myself of the right which the Constitution concedes to me, I declare that I have voluntarily abdicated in favour of my dearly beloved and esteemed son, Dom Pedro de Alcantara."

The constitution of Brazil is formed upon the best models, and although, since its first establishment, it has been more than once infringed, yet party hatreds are now losing their extreme bitterness, corruption is not so rife as it was, and for fourteen years there has been no great popular outbreak. Much that is satisfactory in the political circumstances of the Empire must be referred to the admirable character and conduct of the present Emperor, who, raised to the throne when a child, and entrusted with the actual administration of affairs at a period of life when even clever boys in this country have hardly begun to look forward to the University, has ever shown himself equal to the great charge which has devolved upon him.

Dom Pedro II. is a ruler who unites to all the prestige of a descent from the Houses of Braganza, of Hapsburg, and of Bourbon abilities and accomplishments of no ordinary kind. He is passionately devoted to chemistry; he is well acquainted with mechanics and engineering; he is an assiduous attendant at the meetings of the Brazilian Historical Society, and he is an excellent linguist. His literary taste, if not of the very highest order, for his favourite poet appears to be Longfellow, is at least exceedingly respectable. Under his fostering care, the intellect of Brazil, long kept in chains by the jealous policy of Portugal, begins to know its strength, and is already making its first essays. Several creditable provincial histories have of late appeared—the journals are improving—and the *Relatorios*, or Blue-books, are well written, well printed, and full of most valuable matter. Almost all the leading men belong to the learned professions. The administration of justice is respectably conducted, and is modelled a good deal upon our own. In one particular, the greater solemnity with which oaths are taken, we might advantageously learn a lesson. In criminal cases, trial by jury prevails, but not in civil causes unless they are of great importance. The magistrates are sometimes accused of accepting bribes; but on the whole Mr. Fletcher thinks that the tribunals are in a better state than in any other country of South America.

The commerce of the empire is in the most satisfactory condition. Previously to 1808, the Brazilian ports were closed to all nations except the Portuguese. A. von Humboldt was forbidden to enter its territory lest he should reveal the wealth of the land to the hungry traders of Europe. From 1808 to 1831, the commerce of Brazil steadily increased, in spite of the agitations of that "transition and crystallising period of the Empire." There are now eight steam lines which connect her ports with those of Europe, pouring on her coast the products of our manufacturing skill, and bringing back, amongst other things, coffee, sugar, cotton, tobacco, rice, india-rubber, cocoa, sarsaparilla, Paraguay tea, tapioca, annatto, tonqua beans, cassaba, vanilla, diamonds and gold.

The merchants of the United States are sadly jealous of the influence which England and France have gained in Brazil by their steam communication. In the appendix to this work, there is a very interesting paper by Dr. Thomas Rainey, prepared for the New York Historical Society, and advocating the establishment of a line of steamers between Brazil and the United States. Mr. Fletcher himself made a rather spirited attempt to get up an exhibition of goods brought from his native country to Rio Janeiro. For the present, however, his efforts seem to have succeeded only very partially, and he is, of course, rather angry. We readily pardon him for the little grudge he has against Old England, for although he is a tolerably sturdy patriot, he does not mind a joke at the expense of his countrymen. He tells an amusing story of the visit of the Emperor to a great American steamer, which touched at Rio, on its way to California:—

When the investigation of the engine was concluded, the Emperor wished to visit the forward-deck. Now, Americans are the vainest people in the

world, and we were all afraid that on this part of the vessel Dom Pedro would not only be shocked with the appearance of some very rough specimens of humanity on their way to the gold regions of the Pacific, but that the said specimens would not give his Majesty the reception which was due to his station as the Executive head of the most powerful South American Government. The Emperor's attention, however, could not be diverted to a different point; and the Captain, fearing and trembling, was led to the forward-deck. The Captain's heart sank within him: he was proud of his ship, proud of his illustrious guest, but he had very little to be proud of in some of his passengers, especially the unkempt and untrified, who were even more picturesque after their voyage than upon election-day. The Emperor now approached the Sovereigns—ay, near enough to have them "betwixt the wind and his nobility." Then occurred a scene, rich beyond description, which could never have taken place with others than Americans for actors. One of the unshaven, whose tobacco had up to this time occupied the greater portion of his mouth and thoughts, suddenly tumbled from the taffrail, discharged his quid into the ocean, and, hand in hand, yelled forth, in a well-meaning but terrific voice, "Boys, three cheers for the Emperor of the Brazil!" In a twinkle of an eye every Californian was upon his feet, and never in their oft-fought battles for the "Glorious Democracy" did they send forth such round and hearty huzzas as they did that day to Dom Pedro II.

On a future day we may follow Mr. Fletcher through several of the provinces of the Empire, and endeavour to present a clearer view of Brazil than is given in the humorous sketch of a palm-tree, a jaguar, and sundry other outlandish objects, with which he has illustrated his preface, and in which he not unfairly takes credit for summing up the popular impressions about a noble country enjoying a delightful climate and a well-ordered Government, and possessing a larger extent of territory than the United States.

GIESELER'S CHURCH HISTORY.*

IT is now thirty-three years since the first part of Gieseler's *Lehrbuch* appeared, and the reputation of the work has long been established. The text, scanty as it is, is marked by conscientious accuracy, by clearness and comprehensiveness of view, and by a dispassionate sobriety which readers who rather look for a reflection of their own prejudices than for the materials of an impartial judgment have often been disposed to ascribe to coldness and indifference on the author's part. The notes, which in bulk very much exceed the text, are chiefly made up of extracts from the original sources of information, chosen and combined with remarkable skill and felicity; and, besides their legitimate uses, they have served as an invaluable magazine for persons who affect the credit of an acquaintance with books which they have never read.

Dr. Gieseler died in July, 1854, shortly after having published what is styled his third volume—although we need not say that in Germany a "volume" sometimes comprises two or more of the thickest books that binder can put under one cover. It reached from the times of Luther to the Peace of Westphalia; and three posthumous volumes, printed from the author's manuscript lectures, have since appeared, under the editorship of Dr. Redepenning, who may perhaps be known to some of our readers as author of a *Life of Origen*. The fifth contains the history of the period since 1814—the sixth is a distinct work on the history of doctrines—while the fourth, which is just published, fills up the interval between 1648 and 1814. The first glance at these new portions shows us that we have to do with something of a different kind from the old familiar *Lehrbuch*. Instead of a line or two of text in each page, and an enormous apparatus of notes, we find the text usually extending over the whole page, while the notes have all but disappeared. And on proceeding to examine the contents, we find them of somewhat various quality. The *Dogmengeschichte*, which reaches only to the Reformation, is written with the knowledge and clearness which we have long regarded as characteristic of the author. The fifth volume covers a portion of time which, as a whole, has not yet found any other historian, and it presents this to us as it was viewed by a very observant, acute, and judicious contemporary. But the fourth volume is altogether inferior. In short, it is evident that Gieseler had only gained such an acquaintance with its subject as was necessary for his professional work at Göttingen, and that Dr. Redepenning is unjust to his friend in describing it as nearly the same with what we might have expected if Gieseler himself had lived to publish a professed continuation of the *Lehrbuch*. We do not say that the fourth volume is unworthy of the author, any more than we should say that an order from Mr. Grote to his tailor was unworthy of the historian of Greece. But it is certainly unworthy to stand by the side of the earlier volumes, or to be regarded as a continuation of them.

Our own ecclesiastical affairs appear, from time to time, in the later portions of the history. There are sketches of Quakerism, and Methodism (which latter, by the way, German readers may find better described in Möhler's *Symbolik*), of Owenism, and of Irvingism—as to which we are told that "at its head stands a rich landed proprietor, Henry Drummond, of Albury Park." There is, however, no notice of the Nonjurors; and although there is an account of "Puseyism," in which the Highest Churchmen would probably find little to complain of, there is no hint that, with this exception, the English Church of the present day contains any variety from the old-established "high" and "low" parties. Among the other subjects connected with England, there is an account of the Jerusalem bishopric, as to which it is

* *Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*. Von Dr. J. C. L. Gieseler. Bde iv.-vi. Bonn, 1855-7.

clearly shown that a project which was taken up by the parties concerned with very different conceptions of their object, and of which the success mainly depended on persons whose feelings had not been considered by the projectors, could not turn out otherwise than a failure.

It is very clear that Dr. Gieseier had no favourable opinion of our Church. Again and again we are told that we must change everything; and really, if things were as they are said to be, there would be much need of some alteration:

The incomes of the bishops, canons, and parochial clergy are enormously large; the clergy of the Episcopal Church is the richest in existence. [The fact that England is the richest country in existence does not seem to have occurred as an excuse for this.] Hence the families of rank have for the most part confiscated those places for the benefit of their younger sons; the Crown, which is patron of the greater part of them, is obliged, for the sake of political support, to humour those families in the disposal of them. But, as a result of this, it has come to pass that these benefices are generally regarded as sinecures by the incumbents, who are often in no way prepared for spiritual office. They keep ill-paid substitutes for the performance of the Church service, and themselves live sumptuously at a distance from their flocks. These circumstances could not but be a serious grievance to the Dissenters, inasmuch as they had to pay so many imposts to a clergy not only alien, but unworthy.—(Vol. v. 145.)

We must admit that the Dissenters would be more or less than men if they quietly stood such doings, especially as they are said to be vastly superior to the Church in all respects. Even if they share with churchmen in the reprobation of ignorance, Messrs. Stiggins and Hogshead have, it appears, an excuse which Dr. Portman and Archdeacon Grantley have not:

Theological learning has not in recent times been promoted in England. The episcopal clergy had too little of a theological education, and gave themselves up too much to good living, to think of such things; while the clergy of other denominations had received a training too exclusively practical, and are also too much occupied in practical duties, to be able to devote themselves to study.—(*Ibid.*)

Dr. Gieseier does justice to some of the great Anglican writers of former times, but we have been surprised to find that among these he makes no mention of Bishop Bull, whom we had supposed to be the best-known of all in foreign communions. As to our pulpit-oratory, it may be news to some readers to learn that Tillotson was the first who distinguished himself in this line, and that of later preachers the most eminent is Sterne, "who is also otherwise popular as a writer."

In general, the preachers of the dissenters distinguish themselves above those of the episcopal church by warmth, interiority [this we must suppose to be especially strong in Mr. Jabez Inwards], and genuine eloquence. This is mainly the result of the circumstance that the episcopal preachers one and all are in the habit of reading their sermons, and for the most part out of printed books.—(Vol. iv. 270-1.)

We cannot but regret that the volumes now under review are not furnished, like those before them, with confirmatory extracts; for it would have been interesting to know the authorities for these remarkable statements. The unfortunate Church of England has no chance at all with our author. We are told that, before the rise of Methodism, spiritual life, though dead in the Church, was still preserved among the Dissenters—an assertion which (not to quarrel about the phrase) is not very consistent with Wesley's own representations, or with the history of Unitarianism. We are told, both by Dr. Gieseier and by his editor, of dissenting societies for missions and for the diffusion of the Bible; but there is no hint of the far older church societies for similar purposes, nor even of the "Church Missionary Society." But the strangest part of it all is, that Dr. Gieseier is himself free from the prejudices which have led other Germans to talk in this strain—that he intends to deal as fairly with later as with earlier histories—and we are quite puzzled to think where all the nonsense which he reports can have come from. It is one more instance—and we regret that it should be furnished by so eminent a man—of the truth of Archdeacon Hare's observation, that the Germans know infinitely more about the religions of India or of China than about the Church of England; and we fear that their misconceptions are not likely to be removed by the late performances of our countrymen at Berlin.

Bad as England is in Dr. Gieseier's estimation, its badness is nothing to that of the United States:

Trade and the pursuit of gain are the chief occupations of the American; smooth politeness, cold selfishness, with an exaggerated estimate of his national institutions, and contempt for everything European, are main features in his character. In commerce, deceit and over-reaching are so familiar to him, that in this respect he is notorious throughout the whole commercial world. The inhabitants of the north-eastern provinces—New York and Pennsylvania—the identical persons who most especially distinguish themselves by outward piety, are also the most noted for their adroitness in cheating.—(Vol. v. 372.)

Surely the writer of this was bent on taking it out of the Americans for some loss in Pennsylvanian bonds or Nauvoo railway debentures.

With all their defects, we are glad to have these volumes—even the fourth. And, although the editor does not hold out any prospect of the kind, we hope that we shall speedily see a republication of Dr. Gieseier's Essays, which are at present buried in periodicals and scattered in pamphlets, but would, we are sure, be welcomed in a collected form by all students of Church history.

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